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# CHANDAMAMA



S. Gandhi Arora

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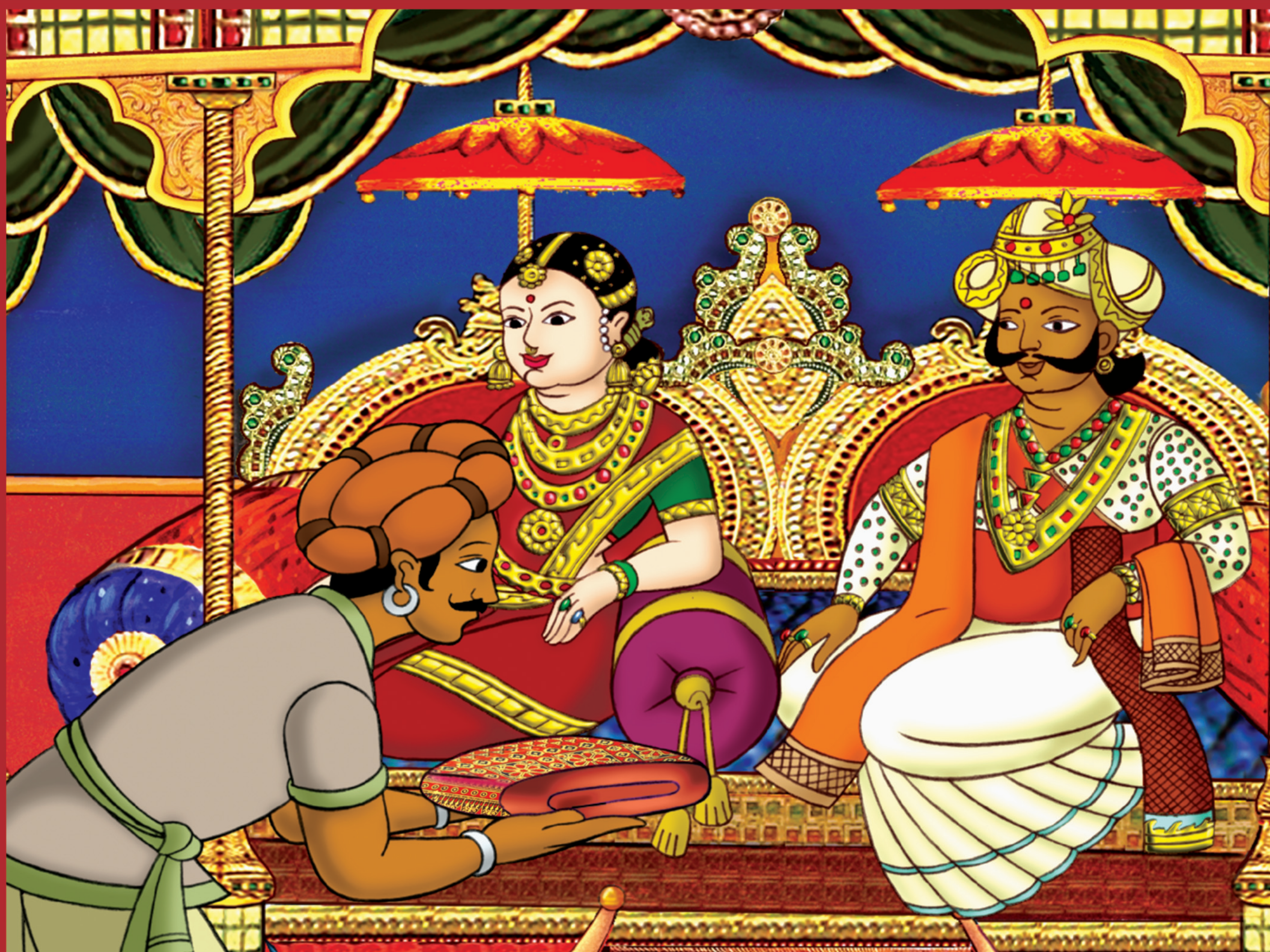
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# PEOPLE UNDER ONE BANNER



India once again had the privilege to receive and relay the Olympic torch. It is a powerful symbol of peace. "Pass the flame, unite the world" is the theme of the Olympic flame this year.

If quarrels, disputes and wars had set kingdoms against kingdoms in ancient times, and nations against nations in modern times, sports and games had in their own way brought them together when men and women competed in friendly rivalry for wins, victories, and honours on the playfields. Governments and organisations these days vie with one another in encouraging sports and games in a big way.

Instances are not rare where the fate of nations had been decided by single combat between the chosen fighters representing the two camps. Ancient Olympic Games prompted countries to suspend wars to enable men to leave the battlefield and participate in the Games. No denying that such events can take place only when peace prevailed. Sportsmanship has been given a high place among human values.

Sports and games are of late given adequate recognition in India. There are separate ministries in the Centre as well as in States to promote sports and youth welfare. No limit can be fixed for extending encouragement to all those who wish to bring fame and name to their motherland.

How great it would have been if one torch was lit from the Olympic flame which, in turn, lit thousands of torches and these had gone round every town and city till the 2004 Games started in Athens and brought the people of India under one common banner! The Olympic flame would have then knit the nation together.

The Athens Olympics is the second Games to be held in this millennium. India has athletes and players who are deemed to be of Olympic standards.

The nation will be keenly watching their performance between the time the Olympic flame is lit at Athens on Aug.13 and is put out on

Aug.29. *Chandamama*, on behalf of its millions of readers, wishes them all great success.

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>

"I leave you, hoping that the lamp of liberty will burn in your bosoms until there shall no longer be a doubt that all men are created free and equal."

- *Abraham Lincoln*

Chance is perhaps the pseudonym of God when he did not want to sign. Wars will disappear only when men shall take no part whatever in violence and shall be ready to suffer every persecution that their abstention will bring them.

It is the only way to abolish war.

- *Anatole France*



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5. This month, track down all the 'C's in the Nutrine advertisement in this issue.

☐ 10 ☐ 16 ☐ 12



DID YOU KNOW?

Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia won the Marathon gold at Rome Olympics (1960) running barefoot. He repeated his performance at Tokyo (1964) to become the first athlete to win two Marathon golds.

BUMPER PRIZE



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Beginning from May, your favourite magazine Chandamama in English and all its language editions will carry Nutrine - Chandamama contests for 6 months. All you have to do is to choose the right answers, **fill in the entry form and mail this page, along with 5 wrappers of 'Nutrine Chocolate Eclairs', before the closing date, to Nutrine Chandamama Contest, Chandamama India Limited, 82 Defence Officers's Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.**

This is an all India contest. Every month there will be different questions. There are fabulous prizes to be won. Watch out every month and participate. There will be 3 Konica cameras, 10 Calculators, and 50 Nutrine sweet ham-pers as first, second and third prizes respectively every month. At the end of the 5 monthly contests, the 6th contest offers a Bumper Draw and the winner will get a Personal Computer, in addition to the regular prizes. Participation in all the 6 months alone will entitle the entries for the Bumper Draw. Results of the Bumper draw will be announced in December by post.

### NUTRINE CHANDAMAMA OLYMPIC QUIZ CONTEST - 3

Study the questions carefully and tick [✓] the correct answer in the blanks provided for each question.

- How many points are given for each gold medal won by a country?  
☐ Five ☐ Three ☐ Two
- One of the events was featured in the Games till 1920 and re-introduced in the 1972 Munich Olympics. Which event?  
☐ Boxing ☐ Gymnastics ☐ Archery
- How many gold medals did the U.S.A. win at the 1996 Olympics at Atlanta?  
☐ 44 ☐ 48 ☐ 52
- Who created a world record in Men's 100 metres in an Olympic Games?  
☐ Michael Johnson ☐ Donovan Bailey ☐ Said Aouita



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- Employees of Nutrine and Chandamama and their relatives are not eligible for the contest
- The selection of the Judges will be at the sole discretion of Nutrine
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- Entries reaching us after the last date mentioned will be disqualified
- If there are no all correct entries in any event, the maximum number of correct answers will be considered and the entries will go into the lot
- All decisions made by the judges will be final.

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# The forgotten promise

Dark was the night and fearsome the atmosphere. The howling of jackals faded into the weird laughter of unearthly beings. Flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces.

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the ancient tree and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse remarked, "O King, you seem to have been induced to take up this arduous task by someone who is trying to exploit you. I am reminded of Anand, whose story I shall tell you now."

The vampire then started narrating the story.

Long ago, Satyagiri was ruled by a king whose only son was Jayanth. He was a disciple of guru Govindacharya. Along with him, many other students were attending the gurukul. The other students kept aloof from the prince as a mark of respect. Jayanth, too, kept his distance from the other students. But one of them, Anand, tried his best to foster a friendship with the prince. Since Anand was intelligent, he was able to assist the prince in his studies whenever he needed such help. Gradually Anand succeeded in breaking the ice and Jayanth accepted him as his friend.

Seeing the healthy progress in his studies, the guru complimented the prince. Jayanth felt elated but he knew that he owed a lot for his commendable progress in studies to Anand. He said, "My friend, it is because of you that I do well in my studies and I am praised by our guru also. In return, I shall make you my chief minister, when I become a king."







This statement made both the guru and Anand happy. Govindacharya remarked, “Jayanth, I appreciate your sense of gratitude. But you must keep your promise you made to Anand.”

Soon their stay at the gurukul came to an end. Jayanth returned to his kingdom. Anand wanted to continue his studies and he was advised by the guru to pursue his studies under another famous guru by name Gnananda who had his ashram in the Vindhya hills.

Jayanth was crowned King of Satyagiri after six years. But by then he had totally forgotten his promise to Anand. He appointed Durjay as his chief advisor and started ruling the kingdom under the guidance of Durjay. But he was an evil character and was misleading Jayanth in many ways. Soon

anarchy prevailed in Satyagiri and the people were very unhappy. Coming to know of the state of affairs in the kingdom, Jayanth’s rivals started planning to invade Satyagiri. Jayanth soon became aware of the threat and asked Durjay for advice.

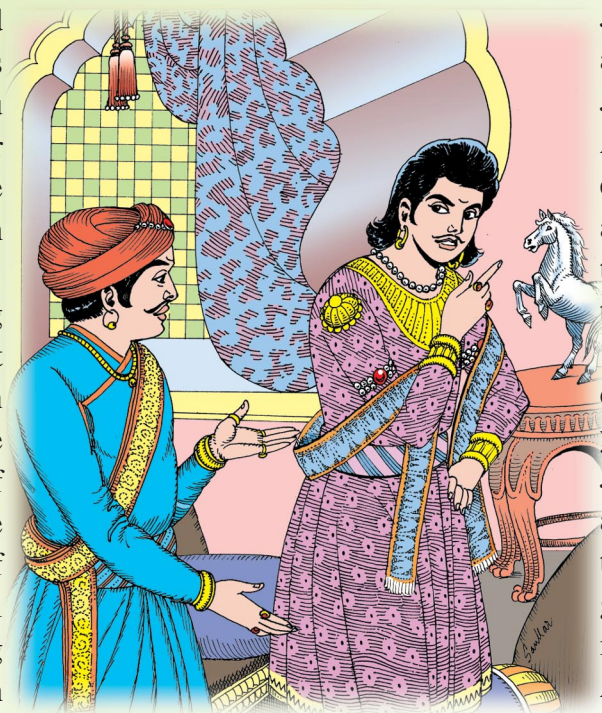
Durjay suggested an attack on his rivals by rejuvenating the army. But the coffers were almost empty to take up this exercise. Durjay further suggested: “There’s a way to get hold of some wealth. In the Yaksha hill ranges, there is a Siva temple, and there is a river flowing by the temple. In that river dwells a demon guarding a huge treasure. He can be conquered only by a well learned young man, like Anand, who is a disciple of Govindacharya. He is in our city for the past three days. He is the right person to accomplish this task.”

Jayanth was startled to hear the name of Anand. He realised that he had totally forgotten Anand and the promise he gave to him. After some initial hesitation, Jayanth decided to entrust this task to Anand and thought of disposing him off by giving some money once the job was done. He called for Anand and exchanged pleasantries with him. Anand was delighted to see his old friend and promised to undertake the venture without any hesitation.

Accordingly, he took Jayanth also with him. He made

Jayanth wait on the river bank and took a plunge into the river. Jayanth waited anxiously for Anand’s return. Soon Anand emerged from the river. Jayanth asked him, “Have you conquered the demon? Could you get the treasure?”

Anand replied, “The job is done. Come with me, I’ll show you the treasure.” Then he took Jayanth with him under the river and showed him the amazing treasure. There were heaps of glittering gold. Jayanth was immensely delighted and offered Anand whatever gold he wanted.





But Anand simply replied, “ No, Jayanth, you take everything and spend it for the welfare of the people. I want just one thing from you. You remember you had promised to make me your chief minister. I want just that and nothing else.”

The overwhelmed Jayanth hugged Anand and said, “You are a gem of a man. You’ll be my chief minister henceforth.”

Here the vampire paused and asked the king, “Actually Anand should have opted for the gold rather than the post of chief minister. Doesn’t that show that he was power hungry and selfish?

In spite of knowing the answer, if you remain silent,

your head will be blown into a thousand pieces!”

Vikram replied instantly. “It is not out of hunger for power or selfishness that Anand preferred the post of chief minister. By nature, he had an inclination to help others. He helped Jayanth in his studies while in the gurukul. He observed that the people of Satyagiri were suffering because of misrule. He thought he could play a crucial role in shaping up the destiny of the people as chief minister. That is why he did not ask for any gold for himself, which clearly shows that he was neither selfish nor power hungry.”

No sooner had the king replied than the vampire gave him the slip.



## A thief's challenge

The notorious thief, Munna, had finally been arrested. However, bringing him to book in the courtroom was a different matter, as the authorities speedily found out. Despite the fact that he had been observed in the very act of breaking into the building by no less than three eye-witnesses, he continued to protest his innocence.

“Not guilty, Your Honour!” he declared, when the judge asked him how he pleaded.

“But there are three eye-witnesses who have seen you breaking open the lock to enter the house! What do you say to that?” enquired the judge.

“Only three eye-witnesses!” exclaimed Munna, his lips curling in a contemptuous smile. “That does not prove anything, Your Honour!” He paused.

“What do you mean?” asked the judge, irritated.

“If it will please Your Honour,” he answered, “I can produce three hundred eye-witnesses who did NOT see me breaking into the house!”

The judge was dumbfounded at this unique line of defence!







## STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

### A TALE FROM ITALY

**T**he young landlord Currado had an estate in a village. Being a resident of the town, he looked down upon the village folk. “You’re all fools,” he would say at the slightest provocation or no provocation at all.

Nevertheless, he had to visit his country house from time to time for looking after his lands. When he was there, he loved strolling in the fields around the lake in the evening. It was not because he loved nature, but because he loved the meat of cranes.

They were found in plenty near the lake and he shot down one every evening.

He had lately fired his old good cook and had employed a new one from the village itself. Even though the new cook looked foolish, Currado decided to train him up as a good cook.

Soon after sunset he returned from the fields holding a crane. “Look here, you fool, you must prepare a good dish out of it,” he told his cook and gave him the recipe for roasting the whole bird and making a delicious item out of it. He then went to the terrace for relaxing in an easy chair.

The cook roasted the bird and prepared the

dish according to the recipe given by his master. He grew curious to test his own success. He cut a bit of one of the legs of the bird and put it on his tongue. Indeed, it tasted very good. He ate another piece and yet another. By and by one complete leg disappeared. However, he tried to arrange the dish in such a way on the plate so that it looked whole.

An hour later Currado appeared in his dining room and ordered for the roasted bird to be laid before him. The cook followed his order most

obediently. The master relished the item and concentrated on it. He looked for the second leg that was simply not there. But he was not the one to let it clean disappear without any trace! In fact the meat tasted so well that he would have praised the maker of the bird if it had a pair of legs more.

“What happened to the other leg of the bird?” he summoned the cook and demanded of him.

“The other leg? I don’t understand what you mean, Sir!” said the cook in a most innocent tone.

“What a fool you are! I wish to find out how come the crane you roasted had only one leg. What about the second one?”

“Sir, the crane is a one-legged bird!” answered the cook, his voice suitably grave since he was imparting some general knowledge to his master.

Currado had finished eating his dinner. He stood up, trembling with rage. “What! Must I learn from you that the crane is a one-legged bird? Come with me; let us see whether it is one-legged or two-legged.” Currado dragged the cook to the street and led him to the swamp around the lake. The moonlight showed several cranes standing

## MYSTERY OF THE MISSING LEG





along the brink of the water. As was their habit, they stood on only one leg each, folding the other ones into their feathery body, for they would be asleep.

“See, my lord, the cranes have only one leg each! Didn’t I say so? Your mind occupied with high thoughts, you are not expected to remember such trifles!” commented the cook with exemplary politeness.

Currado said nothing but clapped his hands. Instantly the cranes woke up and unfurled their hidden legs.

“Now, now, you knave, how many legs does a crane have? One or two?” Currado demanded, giving a shake to his cook.

“O Sir, who does not know that the cranes reveal their secret legs when we clap? Now, Sir, had you



clapped on the dining table, you could of course have found the missing leg! Why didn’t you do so?” calmly demanded the cook.

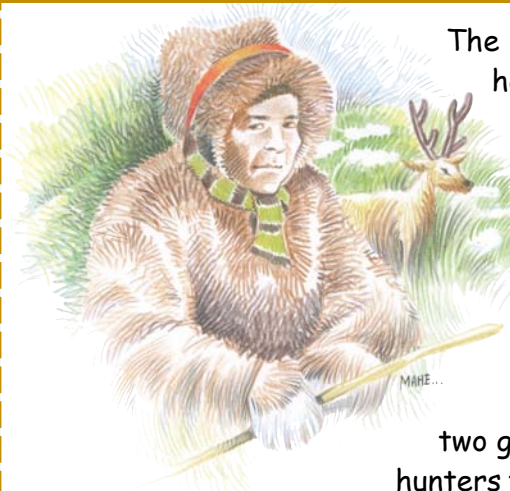
Currado did not know how to react. He learnt how it feels to be

outwitted. After a while he burst into a guffaw and returned home, quietly followed by the cook. But one thing Currado had positively learnt. No longer did he call the villagers fools.

**- By Manoj Das**

## Meet the...

## Chukchee people of Siberia

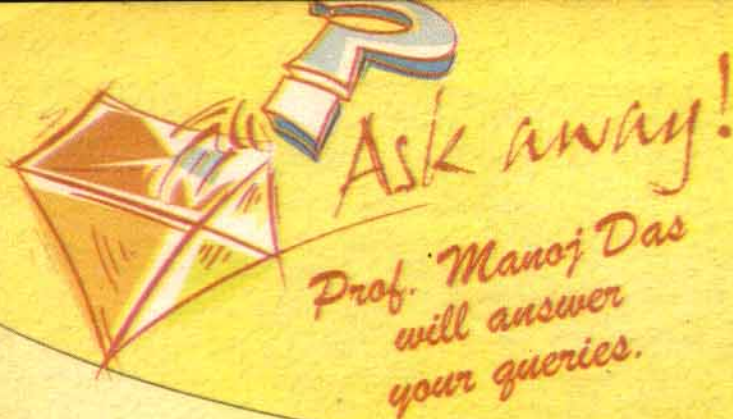


The Chukchees are the traditional sea-hunters and reindeer-herders of Siberia. This tribe, with a population of nearly 14,000, has its home in the remote reaches of Siberia, on the desolate tundra and by the icy Bering Sea. Originally primitive hunters, they began herding and domesticating reindeer around the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Later they also took up sea-hunting. Thus, from being a primitive people who merely helped themselves to nature’s ready-made products, they became producers of their own range of specialised goods.

Based on the occupation chosen, the tribe was divided into two groups, each leading a distinct, separate existence. The sea-hunters traditionally hunted whales, walruses and seals with harpoons and lived on the meat of these animals. Later, with the advent of firearms they started using guns for hunting. The reindeer-herders led a nomadic life, travelling inland in the autumn and to the coast in summer. Each family had a herd of 200 to 250 reindeer. The community survived entirely on deer meat, roots, and berries.

Today, new techniques of reindeer herding and breeding have been introduced. Sea-hunting has also become modernised with motor boats and modern weapons.

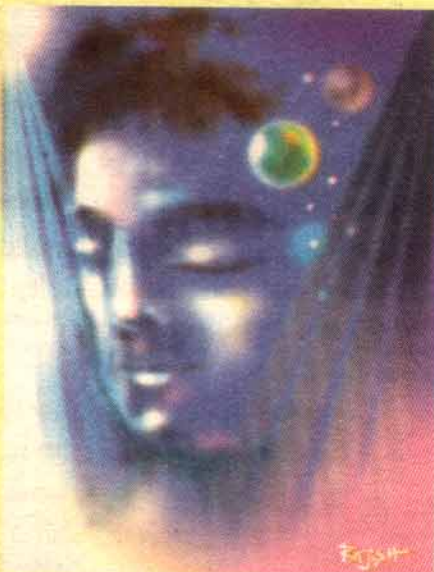




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**Q Is God really present in us?**  
**How do we know?**  
**- Sanjana C., Hyderabad**

**A** Volumes have been written on this question and more volumes will still be written. Much depends on what one means by God. It appears that you believe there is God. The question is whether He is there within us or not. Most of the religious faiths say that God had made this world. But the Indian doctrine of **Vedanta** says that He became this world. There is a great difference between making and becoming. At the beginning, there was nothing except the One power – call it God, or the Supreme Consciousness or Brahma. Since that One became many, whatever we see is made of Him. There is nothing outside Him. Now, nobody compelled the One to become many. He did so out of his free will. Also, out of his free will He decided to become



the opposite of Himself. He is Knowledge; He became ignorance. He is Bliss and Delight; He became sorrow and suffering. He is Immortal; He became the phenomenon that is death. Why? The answer is there; but in order to find that, one must become one with His consciousness. One must go far above mind in order to find that answer. Philosophers call it *Leela* – the Divine play of hide and seek.

While our body, life and the mind are unconscious of God even though they are elements of God, deep within our being is our soul which is eternally conscious of God. In fact, it is a living spark of the light that is God. We can know that He is within us if we come in touch with our soul. Faith in Him, an aspiration to find Him, and trying to see Him in everything leads us towards that goal. That is the essence of Yoga – the conscious effort to unite with Him.



Spiders do not eat their victims, they drink them. Capable of taking food only by sipping it in liquid form through their tubelike mouths, spiders first cover their victims with a special fluid that causes them to dissolve. They then suck up the dissolved tissue. It is by this means that a tarantula is able to ingest an entire small mouse, bones and all, in about a day and a half.



From the pen of  
Ruskin Bond

It was a fine sunny morning when we set out to cover the last seven miles to the glacier. We had expected this to be a stiff climb, but the last dak bungalow was situated at well over 10,000 ft above the sea level, and the ascent was to be fairly gradual.

Suddenly, there were no more trees. As the bungalow dropped out of sight, the trees and bushes gave way to short grass and little blue and pink alpine flowers. The snow peaks were close now, ringing us in on every side. We passed waterfalls, cascading hundreds of feet down precipitous rock faces, thundering into the little river. A great golden eagle hovered over us for some time.

"I feel different again," said Kamal.

"We're very high now," I said. "I hope we won't get headaches."

"I've got one already," complained Anil. "Let's have some tea."

We had left our cooking utensils at the bungalow, expecting to return there for the night, and had brought with us only a few biscuits, chocolate, and a thermos of tea. We finished the tea, and Bisnu scrambled about on the grassy slopes, collecting wild strawberries. They were tiny strawberries, very sweet, and they did nothing to satisfy our appetites. There was no sign of habitation or human life. The only creatures to be found at that height were the *gural*s—sure-footed mountain goats and an occasional snow-leopard or a bear.

We found and explored a small cave and then, turning a bend, came unexpectedly upon the glacier.

The hill fell away and there, confronting us, was a great white field of snow and ice, cradled between two peaks that could only have been the abode of the gods. We were speechless for several minutes. Kamal took my hand and held on it for reassurance; perhaps he was

# The Glacier



not sure that what he saw was real. Anil's mouth hung open. Bisnu's eyes glittered with excitement.

We proceeded cautiously on the snow, supporting each other on the slippery surface; but we could not go far, because we were quite unequipped for any high-altitude climbing. It was pleasant to feel that we were the only boys in our town who had climbed so high. A few black rocks jutted out from the snow, and we sat down on them, to feast our eyes on the view. The sun reflected sharply from the snow, and we felt surprisingly warm.

"Let's sunbathe!" said Anil, on a sudden impulse.

"Yes, let's do that!" I said.

In a few minutes we had taken off our clothes and, sitting on the rocks, were exposing ourselves to the elements. It was delicious to feel the sun crawling over my skin. Within half-an-hour I was post-box red, and so was Bisnu, and the two of us decided to get back into our clothes before the sun scorched the skin off our backs. Kamal and Anil appeared to be more resilient to sunlight, and laughed at our discomfiture. Bisnu and I avenged ourselves by gathering up handfuls of snow and rubbing it on their backs. They dressed quickly enough after that, Anil leaping about like a performing monkey.

Meanwhile, almost imperceptibly, clouds had



covered some of the peaks, and white mist drifted down the mountain slopes. It was time to get back to the bungalow; we would barely make it before dark.

We had not gone far when lightning began to sizzle about the mountaintops followed by waves of thunder.

“Let’s run!” shouted Anil. “We can take shelter in the cave!”

The clouds could hold themselves in no longer, and the rain came down suddenly stinging our faces as it was whipped up by an icy wind. Half-blinded, we ran as fast as we could along the slippery path, and stumbled, drenched and exhausted, into the little cave.

The cave was mercifully dry, and not very dark. We remained at the entrance, watching the rain sweep past us, listening to the wind whistling down the long gorge.

“It will take some time to stop,” said Kamal.

“No, it will pass soon,” said Bisnu. “These storms are fierce but short.”

Anil produced his pocket knife, and to pass the time we carved our names on the smooth rock of the cave.

“We will come here again, when we are older,” said Kamal, “and perhaps our names will still be here.”

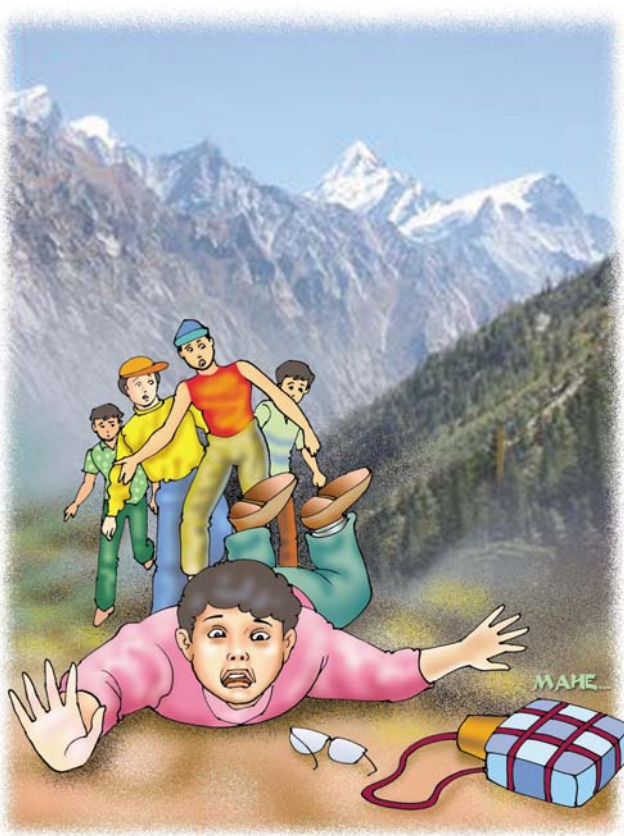
It had grown dark by the time the rain stopped. A full moon helped us find our way, we went slowly and carefully. The rain had loosened the earth, and stones kept rolling down. I was afraid of starting a landslide.

“I hope we don’t meet the Lidini now,” said Anil fervently.

“I thought you didn’t believe in her,” I said.

“I don’t,” replied Anil. “But what if I’m wrong?”

We saw only a mountain-goat, the *gural*, poised on the brow of a precipice, silhouetted against the sky.



And then the path vanished.

Had it not been for the bright moonlight, we might have walked straight into a void. The rain had caused a landslide, and where there had been a narrow path there was now only a precipice of loose, slippery shale.

“We’ll have to go back” said Bisnu. “It will be too dangerous to try and cross in the dark.”

“We’ll sleep in the cave,” I suggested.

“We’ve nothing to sleep in,” said Anil. “Not a single blanket between us and nothing to eat!”

“We’ll just have to rough it out till morning,” said Kamal. “It will be better than breaking our necks here.”

We returned to the cave, which did at least have the virtue of being dry. Bisnu had matches and he made a fire with some dry sticks which had been left in the cave by a previous party. We ate what was left of a loaf of bread.

There was no sleep for any of us that night. We lay close to each other for comfort, but the ground was hard and uneven. And every noise we heard outside the cave made us think of leopards and bears and even the Abominable Snowman.

We got up as soon as there was a faint glow in the sky. The snow-peaks were a bright pink, but we were too tired and hungry and worried to care for the beauty of the sunrise. We took the path to the landslide, and once again looked for a way across. Kamal ventured to take a few steps on the loose pebbles, but the ground gave way immediately, and we had to grab him by the arms and shoulders to prevent him from sliding a hundred feet down the gorge.

“Now what are we going to do?” I asked.

“Look for another way,” said Bisnu.



“But do you know of any?”

And we all turned to look at Bisnu, expecting him to provide the solution to our problem.

“I’ve heard of a way,” said Bisnu, “but I’ve never used it. It will be a little dangerous, I think. The path has not been used for several years—not since the traders stopped coming in from Tibet.”

“Never mind, we’ll try it,” said Anil.

“We’ll have to cross the glacier first,” said Bisnu. “That’s the main problem.”

We looked at each other in silence. The glacier did not look difficult to cross, but we knew that it would not be easy for novices. For almost two furlongs it consisted of hard, slippery ice.

Anil was the first to arrive at a decision.

“Come on,” he said. “There’s no time to waste.”

We were soon on the glacier. And we remained on it for a long time. For every two steps forward, we slid one step backwards. Our progress was slow and awkward. Sometimes, after advancing several yards across the ice at a steep incline, one of us would slip back and the others would have to slither down to help him up. At one particularly difficult spot, I dropped our water bottle and, while trying to grab at it, lost my footing, fell full length and went sliding some twenty feet down the ice-slope.

I had sprained my wrist and hurt my knee, and was to prove a liability for the rest of the trek.

Kamal tied his handkerchief round my hand, and Anil took charge of the water bottle, which we had filled with ice. Using my good hand to grab Bisnu’s legs whenever I slipped, I struggled on behind the others.

It was almost noon, and we were quite famished when we put our feet on grass again. And then we had another steep climb, clutching at roots and grasses, before we reached the path that Bisnu had spoken about. It was a little more than a goat-track, but it took us round the mountain and brought us within sight of the dak bungalow.

“I could eat a whole chicken,” said Kamal.

“I could eat a Snowman,” said Bisnu.

Fortunately, the chowkidar had anticipated our hunger; and when we straggled into the bungalow late in the afternoon, we found a hot meal waiting for us. True, there was no chicken—but, so ravenous did we feel that even the lowly onion tasted delicious!

We had Bisnu to thank for getting us back successfully. He had brought us over mountain and glacier with all the skill and confidence of a boy who had the Himalayas in his blood.

We took our time getting back to Kapkote; fished in the Sarayu river; bathed with the village boys we had seen on our way up; collected strawberries and ferns and wild flowers; and finally said goodbye to Bisnu.

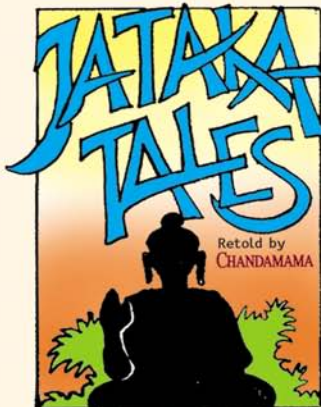
Anil wanted to take Bisnu along with us, but the boy’s parents refused to let him go, saying that he was too young for the life of a city; but we were of the opinion that Bisnu could have taught the city boys a few things.

“Never mind,” said Kamal. “We’ll go on another trip next year, and we’ll take you with us, Bisnu. We’ll write and let you know our plans.”

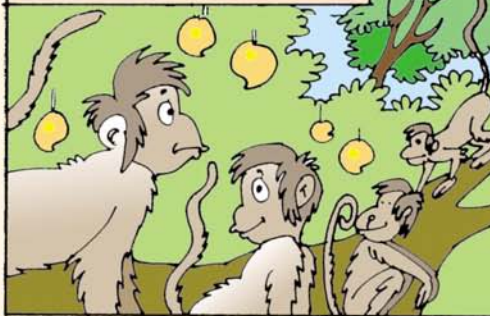
This promise made Bisnu happy, and he saw us off at the bus stop, shouldering our bedding to the end. Then he skimmed up the trunk of a fir tree to have a better view of us leaving, and we saw him waving to us from the trees as our bus went round the bend from Kapkote, and the hills were left behind and the plains stretched out below.



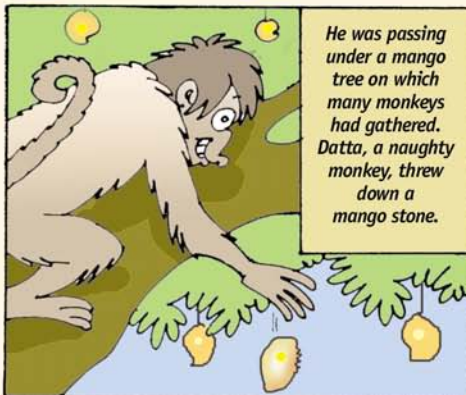
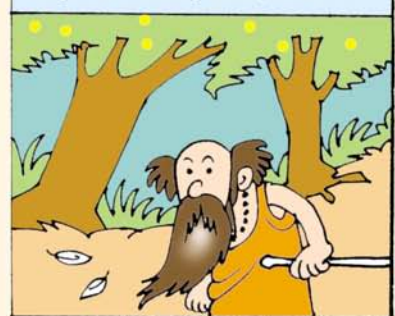




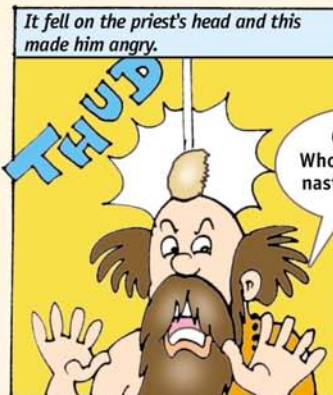
Long ago, a band of monkeys lived in the royal gardens of Benaras. The monkeys had a wise leader called Ranga.



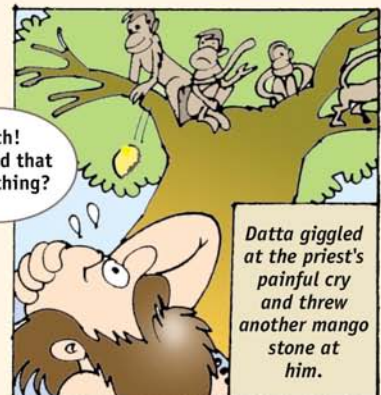
One day, the king's priest completed his daily rituals in the river and passed through the garden on his way to the palace.



He was passing under a mango tree on which many monkeys had gathered. Datta, a naughty monkey, threw down a mango stone.

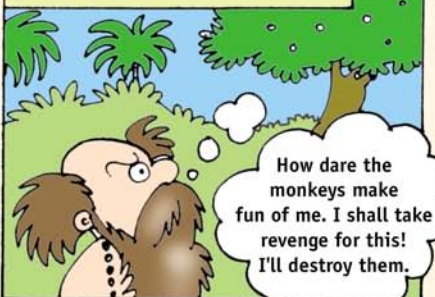


It fell on the priest's head and this made him angry.



Datta giggled at the priest's painful cry and threw another mango stone at him.

The priest stopped and looked at the monkeys on the tree. He was wild with fury.



How dare the monkeys make fun of me. I shall take revenge for this! I'll destroy them.

When Ranga returned after his daily jaunts, the other monkeys told him about the incident. Ranga was worried.



Oh no! You've been foolish. Now let's leave this garden.



It's not wise to remain here, when we've made enemies!

All his faithful followers agreed to leave. But some monkeys led by the wicked Datta decided to stay back.

Ranga left with his group of monkeys to a distant grove.



One day, near the royal stable where the king's elephants lived, a woman put out some rice to dry.



As soon as she left the place, a goat wandered there and started nibbling at the rice.

JT-41/1, 2001



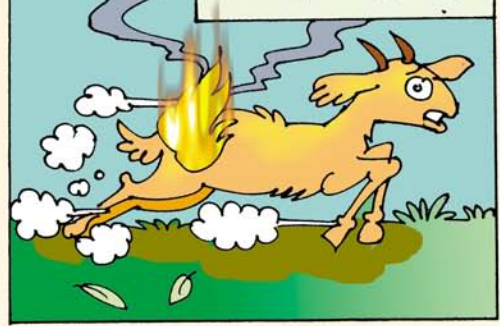
The woman saw the goat eating her rice.



In a fit of anger, she ran up with a burning firewood and flung it at the goat.



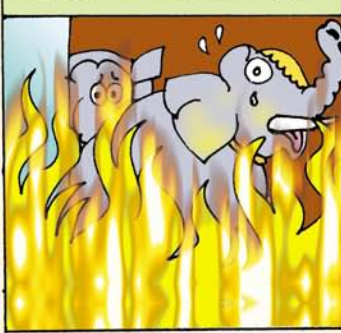
The goat's coat caught fire and it ran away bleating piteously.



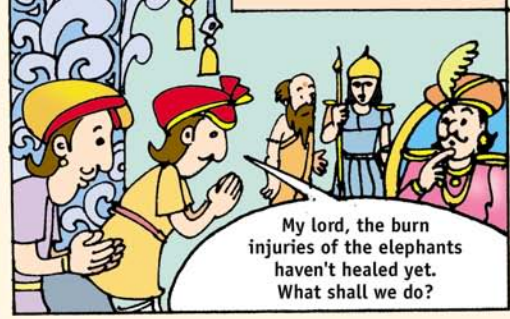
It stopped near the stable and rubbed itself against a straw hut. The straw caught fire, and this soon spread to the stable.



The king's elephants lodged in the stable got badly scalded in the fire.



After trying out various methods to cure the elephants, the mahouts approached the king.



My lord, the burn injuries of the elephants haven't healed yet. What shall we do?

The royal priest saw his chance to take revenge on the monkeys.



Here's my chance! It's time to teach those mischievous monkeys a lasting lesson.

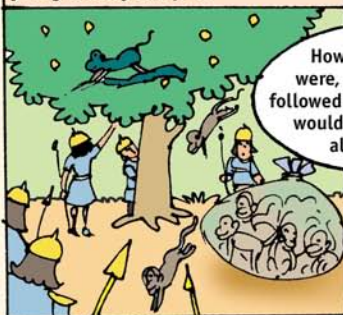
O king! The medical books say that only monkey fat can cure serious burns.



Kill the monkeys in the royal garden. Make an ointment with their fat and apply it on the burnt parts of the elephants.



The soldiers hunted down all the monkeys in the royal garden. Only one young monkey escaped.



How correct you were, sir! If we had followed you that day, we would all have been alive today.

He went gasping to the new abode of Ranga and fell at his feet.



Ranga shook his head sorrowfully. There was nothing he could do now.



I told all of you, my son. It's foolish to live in a place where you've made bitter enemies.

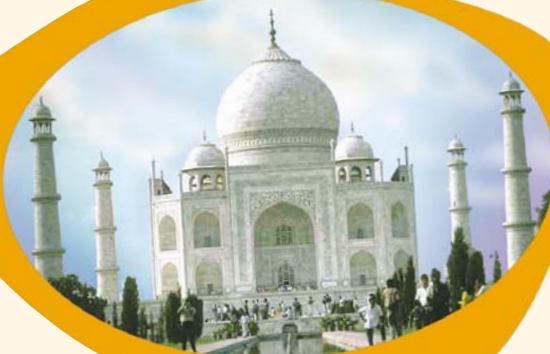
The End.





## Taj Mahal now 350 years

**T**he Taj Mahal of Agra, one of the seven wonders of the modern world, was built by Emperor Shah Jehan 350 years ago. It is 244 ft in height, though none can imagine this height because it is so proportionately constructed. Incidentally, the Qutb Minar in Delhi, which is the tallest minaret in the world and which was built four hundred years before the Taj, is four feet less in height! The verses from the Holy Quran inscribed on the walls of the Taj on all four sides are in Arabic script of uniform size. The screen around the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal was originally made of gold. Apprehending vandalism, the emperor had it replaced with one made of marble. His son, Emperor Aurangzeb, sold it to meet the expenses of his many military campaigns. What is nowadays seen in the mausoleum is a simpler screen carved with delicate patterns of leaves.



## Holy dip in flood waters



**T**he temple of Thanikudam, near Trichur in Kerala, dedicated to Bhagavati, a form of the Divine Mother, celebrated *Aarat* or the Holy Dip after a gap of two years. Kerala this year had heavy pre-monsoon showers in May. The river, Thanikudam, was flooded and the waters entered the *sanctum sanctorum* which, the devotees believe, enabled the goddess to take a dip in the holy river. And so, it was festival time in the temple. They celebrated "Aarat" for three days, by wading up to the temple precincts and taking a dip themselves. There was so much water inside the *sanctum sanctorum* that the regular puja was performed outside on a platform which had not submerged in the floods.





# Kochunni the kind-hearted

**Y**ou are familiar with the adventures of Robinhood of the Sherwood Forest, aren't you? He lived in England hundreds of years ago robbing the rich of their money and giving it to the poor. In Kerala, not so long ago, there lived Kochunni who held a grouse against all rich people, especially those who flaunted their wealth and went about harassing the poor. True, Kochunni did some thieving, but he never used whatever he stole for his own personal use. He gave away everything to the poor. While he befriended such people, the very mention of 'Kayamkulam Kochunni' was enough to scare those not so poor. Kayamkulam in south Kerala was his area of operation.

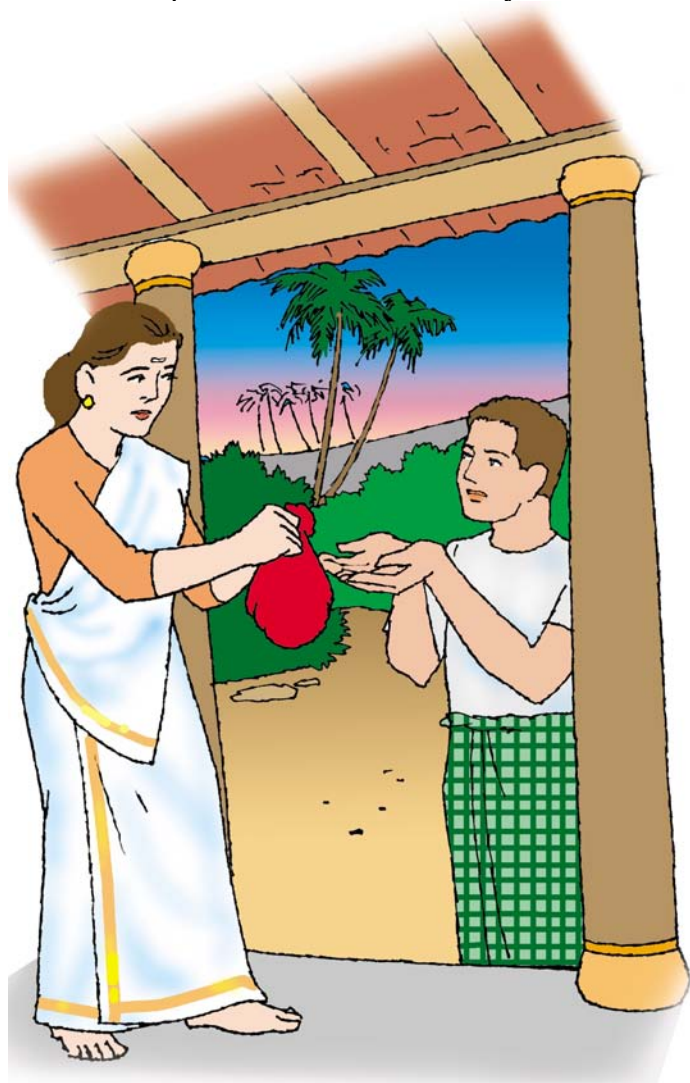
There was this landlord who used to lend money to people who would pledge their jewels and ornaments as surety. Of course, the heavy interest he charged from them made him extremely rich. Many borrowers would also not be in a position to pay back the loan in time and then he would simply retain the items pledged and later convert them into money.

Using a part of this wealth, he built a house; in fact, it was almost like a small fortress, as the walls had been built with two layers of bricks. If his friends were to ask him why he spent so much money on the house, he would say, almost in whispers, "One can't be so sure about Kochunni! Who knows he might not attempt a housebreak! I've to safeguard the jewellery pledged with me. Now, I can sleep in peace; even if ten Kochunnis come, they wouldn't be able to enter the place."

His boasting had reached the ears of Kochunni who waited for an opportunity to teach him a lesson. One day, he approached the landlord for a loan. His plan was, if the man were to refuse the loan, he would find a way to get into the house and rob him. Contrary to his plans, the

landlord readily gave him the loan! Now, Kochunni was in a dilemma; it would not be proper to rob the landlord. At the same time, Kochunni really wanted to bring him down by a peg or two.

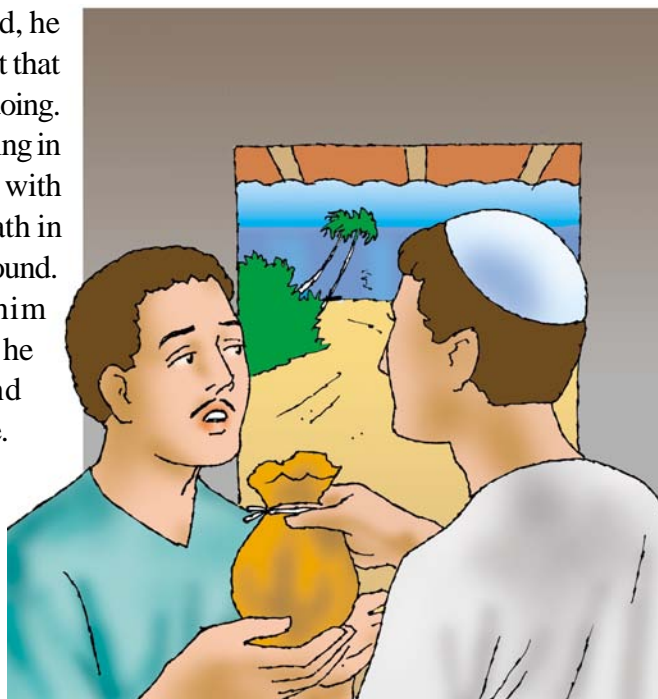
A few days later, one Krishnan Nair borrowed a thousand rupees pledging his jewels. Kochunni came to know of this and went to the landlord's house one evening when it was quite dark. As he had already watched the





movements of the landlord, he knew where he would be at that time and what he would be doing.

The landlord was walking in the garden after a massage with oil before he went for a bath in the small pond in his compound. When Kochunni saw him moving towards the pond, he went near the porch and imitated the landlord's voice. He spoke as if the landlord was talking to his wife. "Look here, that Krishnan Nair has brought back the money he borrowed. Take it and hand over his ornaments kept in that silken bag."



The woman came to the porch, looked at the person who was about to hand the money in a bag, took it inside, and came back with a silken pouch and gave it to Kochunni. When all this happened, the landlord was away taking his bath. Kochunni left the place in a hurry.

Before the period of loan was over, Krishnan Nair went to the landlord to pay back the money he had borrowed and the interest on it, and take back his jewels. The landlord went inside and opened the safe. He was perplexed. The pouch Krishnan Nair had given him was missing!

The landlord called his wife and enquired about the silken pouch. She protested: "Have you so easily forgotten? It is only the other day you asked me to accept money from Krishnan Nair and give him back his ornaments!"

"Then where is that money?" the landlord asked of his wife.

"In the safe, tied in a red cloth!" replied the woman.

The man took the red bundle and opened it. There was no money! Instead, there were some metal pieces, circular and looking like coins.

As Krishnan Nair was waiting outside, the landlord went back to the porch and apologised and told him how

he had been cheated. After asking him how much the ornaments would be worth, the landlord paid him that amount and sent him away, satisfied.

The consternation both the landlord and his wife felt could be seen on their face. They sat, brooding over the incident and wondering who would have dared to cheat him. "Do you remember that man's face who came that evening?" asked the landlord.

"How could I? After all, it was you spoke to me, asking me to accept the money and hand over the ornaments," his

wife reminded him. "And I thought he was Krishnan Nair!"

The landlord was now left with a nagging thought. "Could it be Kochunni?" The very name gave him a shudder. If he was capable of imitating his voice and hoodwinking his wife, wouldn't he attempt something worse?

A few hours later, who did they see entering the gate than Kochunni? "What happened? You both look dejected!" remarked Kochunni without as much as a preface.

The landlord sat dumbfounded. The woman pulled herself up and narrated what had happened.

Kochunni put out a smile, and from the folds of his shawl, he took out a silken pouch and handed it to the landlord. "Please see whether all the ornaments are intact. And send for Krishnan Nair, give him the ornaments and take back your money. I heard you had thrown a challenge to me that I wouldn't be able to penetrate this fortress of yours. So, I wanted to play a trick on you!"

The landlord was now profuse with apologies, as he folded his hands in great reverence. Kochunni subsequently came to know that the landlord had mended his ways and stopped harassing his debtors. And Kochunni never again gave any more trouble to the landlord, who had the greatest respect for Kochunni.



There was a copra (dry coconut) merchant belonging to the Christian community. His business somehow never thrived, and often he had to borrow money from usurers at high interest. Sometimes, he would be able to repay the loan and its interest; other times, the trade would have plummeted and he would be forced to take a loan from someone else to repay the moneylender. However, he managed to carry on his business, hoping that some day he would see a silver lining in the clouds, and he would not have to borrow money any longer.

One day, he was returning from Alleppey where he had gone to sell copra. The transaction was not very profitable, and as he sat in the boat, face downcast, he was silently contemplating how to make both ends meet. It was late in the evening, and the boatman too had fallen silent. Soon they heard the sound made by the oars of a speeding boat. Someone from that boat jumped into the boat in which the merchant was travelling. He now trembled from head to foot.

He recognised the man. It was Kochunni. In a commanding tone he asked, "Who are you? From where are you coming?"

"I'm a copra merchant, and I'm returning from Alleppey," said the merchant, haltingly.

"Oh! A copra merchant! You must have made a little fortune in Alleppey," remarked Kochunni. "Part with all your money and be smart!"

"Please, sir, I'm a poor merchant. Please don't harm me!" the merchant pleaded.

"I'm Kochunni. And you know what'll happen to you if you don't do as I tell you!" warned Kochunni.

The merchant took out the tiny cloth bag in which he had kept his money and meekly handed it to Kochunni. "How much is it?" he asked the merchant.

"Only two hundred and fifty rupees; the business was dull," the merchant said, apologetically.

"All right, you may go now," said Kochunni, who jumped back into his boat which was all the while plying by the side of the other boat. His boat sped away and vanished in the darkness.

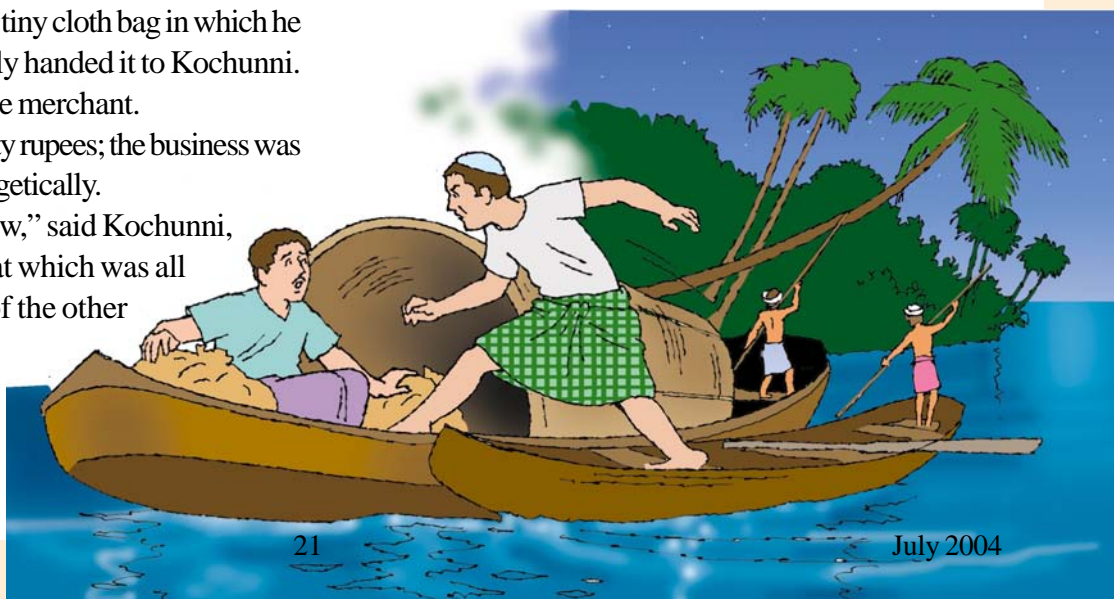
The devout Christian could only pray to the Lord and

thank him for saving him from any bodily harm by Kochunni. When he got back home, the merchant was almost in tears. His wife wailed, "Now where shall we turn to? Let's sell our small house and compound and with that money, we shall continue with our business." The woman could not think of any other solution.

The merchant agreed with her suggestion and went about finding a buyer for the house. As it was almost a distress sale, nobody was willing to offer a good price. The merchant hesitated to give up the place for a small consideration which would not be enough for reviving his business.

One evening, he had an unexpected caller. Kochunni! The merchant almost jumped out of his chair. "Don't be scared, I haven't come to harass you or harm you. I only want to return the money I took from you. I had even then realised that you were not any wealthy merchant. Later, I made enquiries about you and I came to know that you were struggling in life. That evening I needed some money very badly and I had to take recourse to robbing you of your hard earned money. I'm so sorry about it. I am returning that amount. Here, you may take back your bag!"

After handing the money bag, Kochunni left the place without another word. The merchant stood stupefied. Was he dreaming? He opened the bag and found that it contained four times what Kochunni had grabbed from him. He could now not only revive his business, but there was enough money to invest as well. He looked up heavenwards and said in silent prayer, "O Lord! Please bless Kochunni! After all, he has a kind heart!"





# The Garden of Princess Jahan Ara

A page from Indian history



**S**hah Jahan, the fifth Mughal Emperor, is known for his marvellous creation, the Taj Mahal. He reigned in Agra for 11 years, but after that he made up his mind to shift his capital from Agra to Delhi. Probably he wanted to escape from the memories of his beloved Mumtaz Mahal.

The new capital Shahjahanabad which took nine years to complete, was occupied by the royal family in 1648. The two princesses, Jahan Ara and Roshan Ara, laid out gardens,

market squares and *serais* (rest houses) which were among the most beautiful creations inside the new walled city. It was Jahan Ara, Shah Jahan's favourite daughter on whom he had conferred the title of Begum Sahib, who laid out the Chandni Chowk, the main market square, and the garden known as Begum ka Bagh.

Enclosed within a high stone wall on all sides, the Bagh had pools and channels for running water. There were fountains and canopies (called *chhatris*) supported on twelve pillars of red stone (called *bara dari*).

These provided cool resting places for the people who came to the garden. The water in the channels came from a special canal system and helped irrigate the trees and grass and plants inside. There were plenty of flowering trees and fruit trees. Some of them were set up with swings. It was the favourite resting place of the princesses and the ladies of the palace.

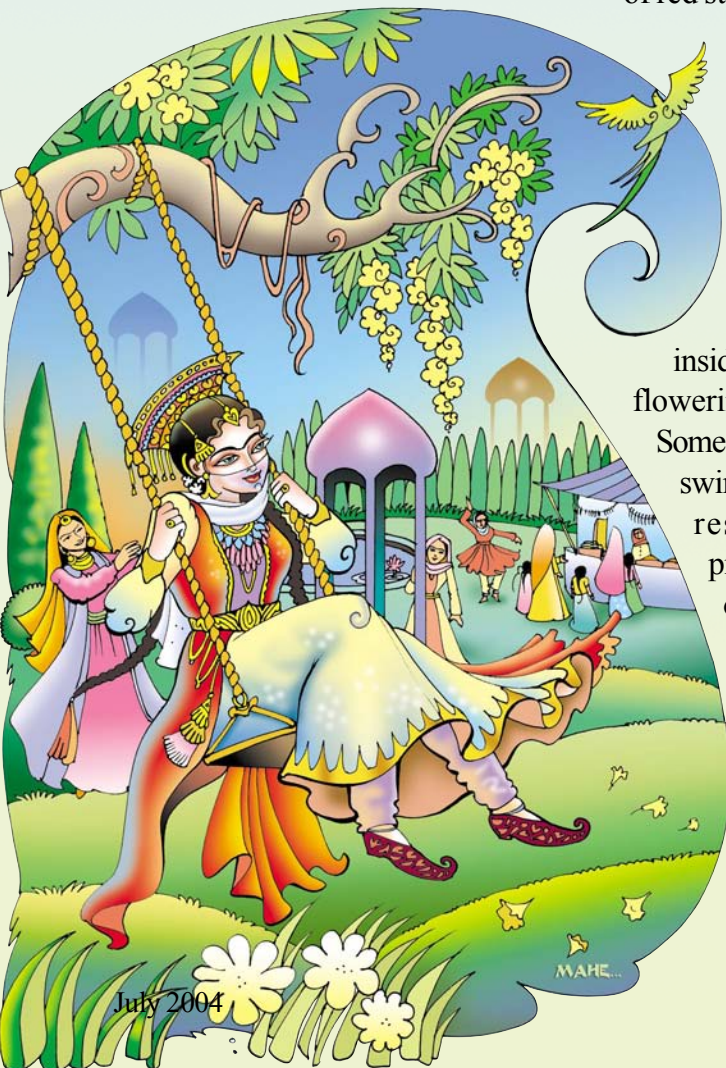
Many festivals were celebrated within Begum ka Bagh. The most important among them was Pankhon ka Mela. It was a fair meant exclusively for ladies and was

celebrated for a whole week. There were stalls for lovely embroidered kurtas and dupattas; colourful bangles and other jewellery; toys and all kinds of goodies to eat; gleaming utensils and sparkling crockery; paintings and clay figures; and every kind of beautiful object that one could think of. There would be music, poetry readings and other festivities. And many games as well. Everyone had a wonderful time.

Mind you, only ladies and children were allowed to enter the place. Now there was a Persian poet in the court of Shah Jahan who was very curious about the place and wanted to see it. He was equally keen to catch a glimpse of the princess who had laid out this garden and the beautiful Chandni Chowk. The poet wore a *burkha* over his clothes and sneaked into the garden one day. He saw the royal ladies laughing and joking with each other. Some were on the swings.

The poet was dazzled by Jahan Ara's beauty and dignity. He composed a poem about her on the spot. He was just writing it down when Princess Jahan Ara caught sight of him. She walked up to the poet and asked him what he was doing. "Just writing a poem, your highness," replied the poet.

"Good heavens! A man!" cried





the princess. "What are you doing here in my garden? You know that men are not allowed inside, don't you?"

The poet nodded. "I shall have to punish you!" said Jahan Ara.

"I don't mind," said the poet, "but I've one request. Please do me the honour of listening to the poem I have composed."

"Very well," said Jahan Ara, "but you must leave the place soon after."

The poet read out his poem. It was so beautiful that the princess was enchanted. So were the other ladies who listened to the poem. "Don't punish him, your highness," they whispered "It's the most marvellous poem we've ever heard. If anything, he deserves a reward."

"You're right. He does," said Jahan Ara. She gave the poet a purse full of gold coins. "Here's your reward," she told him with a smile, "but please don't stay here another

moment. Run as fast as you can! You should never have come here."

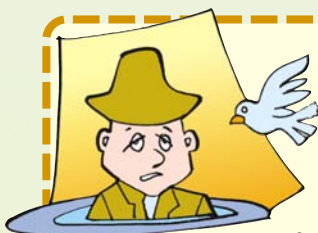
The poet *salaamed* her and left the garden immediately. But Emperor Shah Jahan soon got to hear about it. He was so angry with the poet for daring to face the princess that he banished him from his kingdom for ever.

Begum ka Bagh, like many other

monuments, has a history of its own. It remained a garden for the royal ladies until the reign of Shah Alam II. When Begum Samro went to his aid during his battle with the Rohillas, he gave her a piece of land within this garden. Begum Samro built her palace here which was known as Begum Samro's palace. The garden subsequently came to be called Company Bagh during the early British regime and was thrown open to the public. The name was changed once again to Queen's Garden in 1857 after Queen Victoria was

proclaimed the Empress of India. Then after many changes, Begum Samro's palace got the name of Bhagirath Place. It is now one of the main markets for electrical goods in Delhi. There is no trace of what was once a beautiful garden any more. What remains of it is known as Gandhi Park.

- By Swapna Dutta



Prince Jozef (1763 - 1813) of Poland had been warned by a gypsy that he would be killed by a magpie. He avoided birds all his life. He was drowned while crossing Germany's Elster river. *Elster* means magpie!

**Did you know !**

If you thought birds used only grass or twigs to build their nests, you are mistaken. Take a look at some unusual nest-building material used by some of our feathered friends - spider-webs and lichen (hummingbirds); mud pellets (cliff sparrows); down feathers (ducks); shed skins of snakes and pieces of cellophane and plastic (tufted titmice)!





# Science Fair

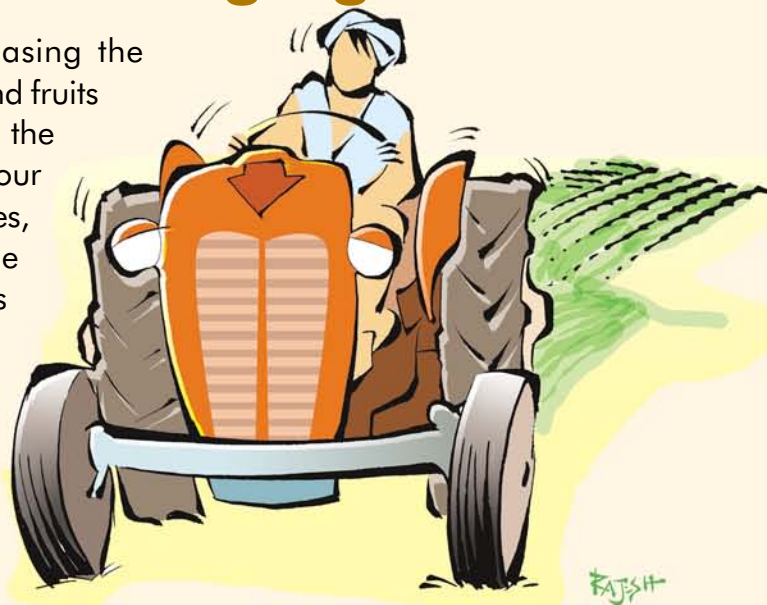
- By Dilip M. Salwi

## Nuclear Energy for Boosting Agriculture

**W**ithout food, all of us would die. Increasing the production of crops, vegetables, cereals and fruits within the available land and water resources in the country is, therefore, a very vital task with which our agricultural scientists are concerned. In recent times, agriculture has undergone considerable modernization. It is no more based on farmer's intelligence and limited experience. Today, every aspect of farming, whether it is seed, soil, fertilizer, pests, pesticide, weather, or water availability, is properly studied by agricultural scientists so that when a crop, cereal, vegetable, or a fruit is grown in the land, it gives maximum yield. Even a plant breeder needs correct genetic information for the creation of the kind of new high

yielding hybrid species he desires to produce. The harvest has to be properly stored, processed and preserved before sending it to the market lest it gets infested or eaten up by pests.

Over the last three decades, agricultural scientists at the Nuclear Research Laboratory, New Delhi, have been using nuclear radiations and isotopes to study the various aspects of modern farming, namely, genetics of hybrid plants, soil conditions in a land, the nutrients and minerals absorbed by plants from soil, the use of available water optimally for a field, ascertain the quantity of water stored underground and to preserve the harvest from decay and pests. Even photographs taken from space are being used to identify the conditions of a land or field.



### Large calculations

**T**he first large mathematical calculations were performed in 1758 for ascertaining the orbit of what is today known as the Comet Halley. This Comet is famous for visiting the sun periodically once every 78 years or so. It is named after the British astronomer Edmund Halley, who discovered its periodic visit to the sun. Alexis-Claude Clairaut was the human computer behind the calculations. Initially, boys were employed to do the huge mathematical calculations in astronomical observatories; they were subsequently replaced by women who proved themselves to have more patience in solving large calculations!



**S**o much energy is freely available from the sun, especially in a country like India, that scientists are trying to find out methods with which they could tap it at the doorsteps—and not simply use it for drying our clothes!

Already solar cookers, solar cells, and solar panels are being installed atop hotels and big buildings to tap this freely available solar energy. However, the problem with solar gadgets is that they can be installed only atop roofs which are open to the sky throughout the day. Recently,

a new material has been invented by Spherical Solar of Ontario, Canada, which would replace the present cumbersome solar cells and panels. This material, which appears like a denim cloth, can easily be used to cover the walls of any building or house.

This new denim-like electric power-generating material is composed of thousands of inexpensive silicon beads sandwiched between two thin layers of aluminium foil. It is sealed on both sides with plastic material. Each bead functions like a small solar cell, which converts solar energy into electricity. The plastic material keeps it off the corroding effects of dust, water and humidity.



## Science Quiz

1. What launches a spacecraft into space?  
a) Rocket, b) Diesel engine, c) Gravity, d) Jet engine
2. Which kind of mathematics does the computer use in its operations?  
a) Binary, b) Decimal, c) Boolean, d) All
3. Who is the founder of nuclear research in India?  
a) M.V.Saha, b) H.J.Bhabha, c) Raja Ramanna, d) A.P.J. Abdul Kalam.
4. Of the following, which one converts chemicals into electricity?  
a) Battery, b) Iron, c) Toaster, d) Windmill
5. Which is the most common element on the earth's crust?  
a) Oxygen, b) Aluminium, c) Silicon, d) Iron

**Answers:** 1. (a) 2. (a) 3. (b) 4. (a) 5. (a)

## SAYING OF A SCIENTIST

My success will not depend on what A or B thinks of me. My success will be what I make of my work.

**- Homi J. Bhabha**

An individual can make money or make sense; the two are mutually exclusive.

**- R.Buckminster Fuller**

Unthinking respect for authority is the greatest enemy of truth.

**- Albert Einstein**

We deeply regret the sudden, untimely demise of the author **Mr. Dilip M. Salwi** soon after sending in this fourth instalment of 'Science Fair'.

**- Editor**





## LEGENDS FROM OTHER LANDS (GREECE)

# THE STRANGE DEMONESS ON THE HILL

Long long ago, atop a hill by the side of a long road that meandered through a desert near the ancient land of Thebes sat a strange creature. It had the face of a woman and the body of a lion. A serpent made its tail and its paws were those of a dog. People took her to be a demoness.

Those were days when there were not many travellers. However, if someone happened to pass by that hill, the strange creature on the hill would command him to stop.

The traveller would be surprised to hear that uncanny and fearsome voice. He would be far more surprised to see the demoness that passed the command. He would remain looking agape.

“You have neither the right to pass by nor any chance to escape unless you can answer my riddle. I give you time till the sun sets. If you cannot answer by then, you will forfeit your life,” the demoness would say. To the panicky traveller, she would then put forth her riddle: “Who is the creature who walks in the morning on four legs, walks on two legs as the day grows, and walks on three legs in the evening?”

No traveller, however learned, was able to solve the riddle. The hapless man would scratch his head as the sun kept sinking down the horizon. And, as soon as the last tip of the golden globe would disappear, the strange creature would jump down, pounce upon the traveller and tear him to pieces.

This went on for hundreds of years. At last one

day the great hero Oedipus happened to take that road. As the demoness’s eyes fell on him, she gave out her usual command and put the riddle to him. The hero smiled. “Well, I’m the answer to your intriguing question.”

“What do you mean?” asked the demoness. Now it was her turn to feel intrigued and surprised.

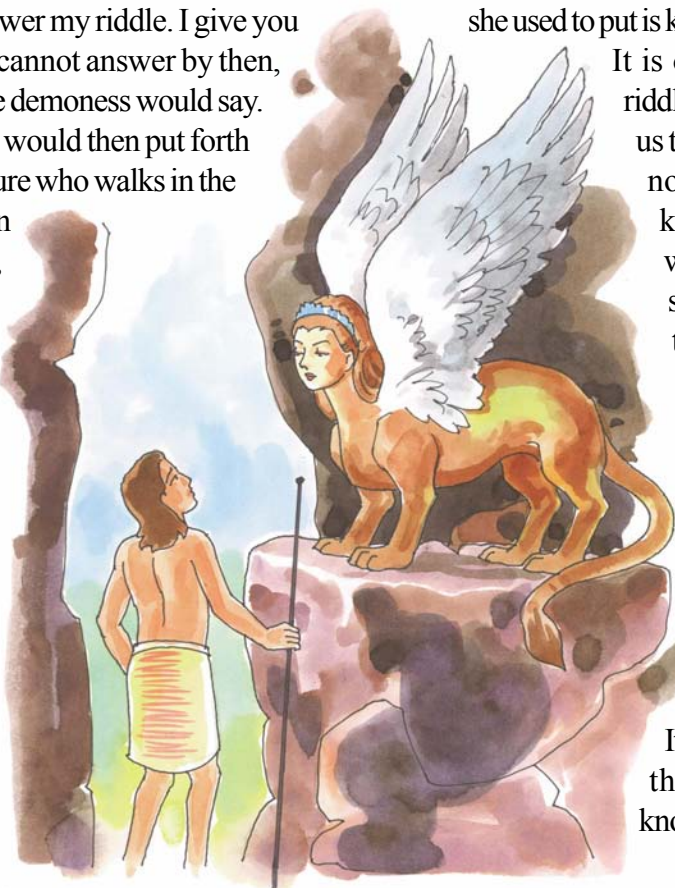
“What I mean is, man. In the morning of his life, that is to say when he is an infant, man walks on all fours – his arms too used as legs. As the day grows, that is to say, as he grows up, he walks on two legs. In the evening of his life he takes recourse to a stick – the third leg. Thus, I’m the answer; man is the answer,” concluded the hero.

No sooner had the answer been given than the demoness jumped down to her own death and disappeared. She is famous as Sphinx. The question she used to put is known as the Riddle of Sphinx.

It is one of the most significant riddles in world mythology. It tells us that man dies because he does not know himself. The day he knows himself, that is to say, when he has realized his true self, his soul, he would realize that he is in fact immortal. Then, for him, death, symbolized by Sphinx in this legend, would prove to be unreal – just as the making of the strange Sphinx was unreal. The message the legend gives is also the message which India’s *Upanishads* give. Man is essentially immortal.

It is his own ignorance of himself that causes death. Once he knows himself, there is no death.

**- By Manoj Das**





# Money Spinner

**M**ulla Nasruddin sat down for breakfast. His wife set before him a roll of bread and two full-boiled eggs and went back to the kitchen to fetch a cup of *khawa*.

The full-boiled egg reminded Nasruddin of his friend Badruddin, who was as bald as an eggshell. People often called him the Egghead. He did not bother about it. He had more important tasks on hand. "There is more to what we see than we understand," he often told his friends. He was immensely curious. He pried into everything that seemed strange or mystifying. So most people called him a crank.

"Badruddin is no crank," Nasruddin picked up one of the eggs and turned it around in his hand. Then a bright idea came to him. 'Thank you, Badruddin. I remember your tip. Today, I shall have fun acting on the tip,' his lips parted to don a smile.

His wife came back with a steaming cup of *khawa*. She found him holding the egg and talking to himself.

"Were you talking to the egg? What did it say? Eat me with the shell?" she teased him. But he was so lost in his thought that he did not hear her words.

"I married a day dreamer," she tapped him on the shoulder and brought him out of the reverie.

"Can't I dream at my will? Or have I to take your permission even to dream?" he joked, while he started peeling off the egg shell.

"Bonds of marriage bind us. Bonds set limits to freedom," she bantered, heard him laugh loudly and laughed with him. Then she moved out to the backyard to clean up the utensils.

Nasruddin ate the bread roll and also the egg. Another full-boiled egg still remained on the plate. He drank the *khawa*. Then picked up the egg, rolled the egg gently in a kerchief and pushed it into his pocket before making a beeline to the well at the back of his house.

His wife was at the well, cleaning the vessels. She

stood on one side to let him wash his hands.

"I shall be back soon," he said while drying his hands on a towel hanging on the clothesline.

"How soon is SOON?" she asked, gaping at him.

"You'll know that when I return," he gave her a vague reply.

"Will you be back by noon?" she wanted him to be more precise.

"Maybe, may not be," he held his head at an angle and stared at her.

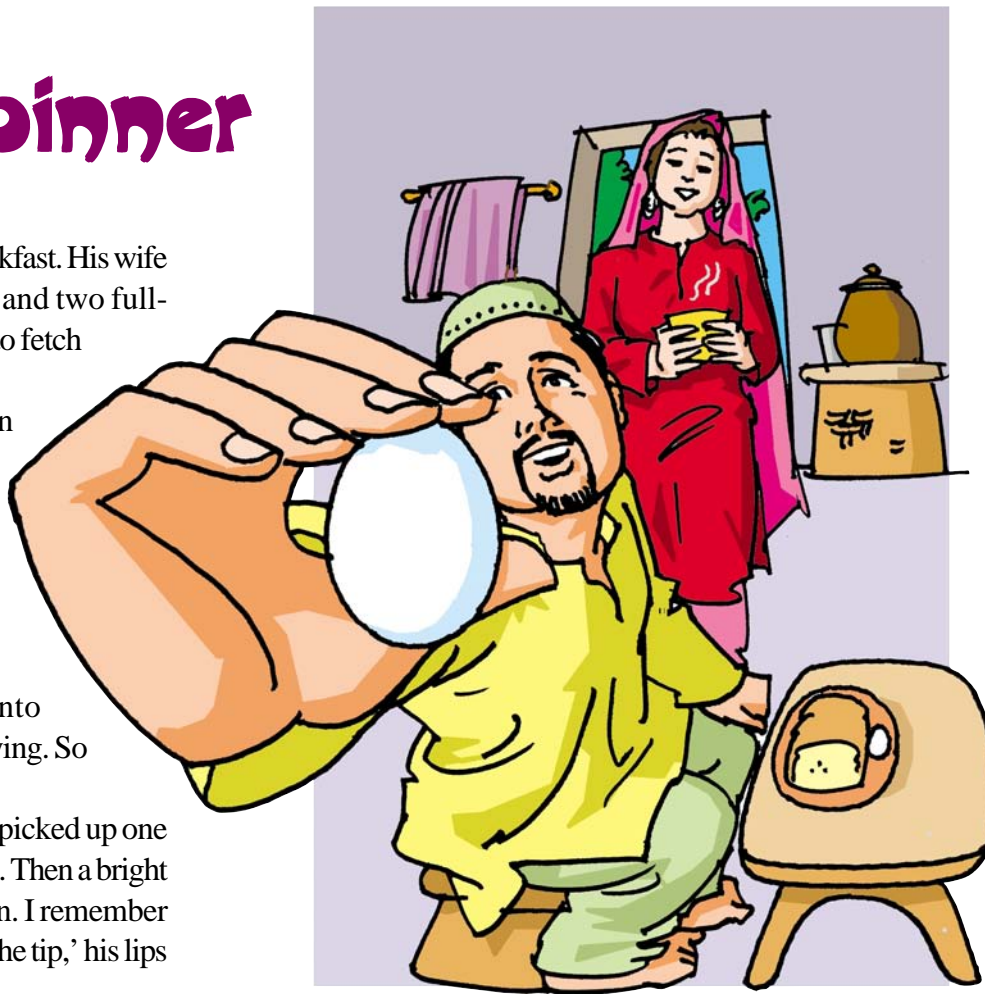
"Will you be back by dusk?"

"For sure," he assured her with a pat on the back.

"So SOON is anytime between now and sunset," she straightened herself up, holding the pan that was getting a vigorous scrubbing.

"Nobody knows how SOON is SOON? It could stand for a few minutes or for a few hours. At times, it may even stretch into months, if not years."

"You and your silly prattle," his wife said as she rinsed the pan, and set it aside, cleaned up her hands, and walked





up to the door to see him off. "Fetch me the small cloth bag. I may buy a pound of meat on my way back," he said.

She fetched the bag. He took it from her, pressed her hand gently and then moved off.

Once he turned the corner, he paused for a minute. He pulled out the egg wrapped up in the kerchief, and gently placed it in the bag. "Now I am ready to act on the tip of Badruddin," he told himself and walked at a leisurely pace till he reached the market place.

He stopped at an outlet that declared, **Fresh Eggs Sold Here**. He found eggs resting safely in baskets inlaid with hay.

"*Salaam alai kum*," the owner of the shop greeted Nasruddin.

"*Alai kum asalaam*," he grinned, before roaring in laughter.

"What is it that you find so funny?" the shopkeeper asked.

"The words: **Fresh Eggs Sold Here**."

"What is humorous about it?" the egg seller asked.

"Let me ask you, would you be selling stale eggs?"

"Never."

"So why the adjective FRESH before EGGS?"

"I never thought of that," the man admitted.

"Look at the word HERE. Is that word necessary? Is it not clear that you are selling eggs HERE??" Nasruddin went on.

"Maybe, you are right. I can just take off the two words."

"Then it will read, EGGS SOLD. You can remove those words too. You have displayed the eggs at the counter. Everyone knows they are for sale. So?" Nasruddin found the man totally baffled.

"Forget it, I was only joking," he changed the subject quickly and asked for a dozen eggs. He had them gently placed in the bag he held. Nasruddin paid him a shekel and took leave.

He headed for the open ground at the back of the market. Here stood a huge tree that cast its shadow all around. He noticed a few men taking naps. A few others were nature watchers and were observing the flight of birds or the antics of squirrels.

Nasruddin's eye zeroed in on six men sitting in a circle, enjoying a game of cards. He walked up to the group. The players were totally lost in the game. Nobody noticed him. Not till the round ended and the winner pocketed all the cash that the losers had placed as wagers.

"*Salaam alai kum*," Nasruddin greeted them.

"*Alai kum asalaam*," they replied.

One of the players started shuffling the cards.

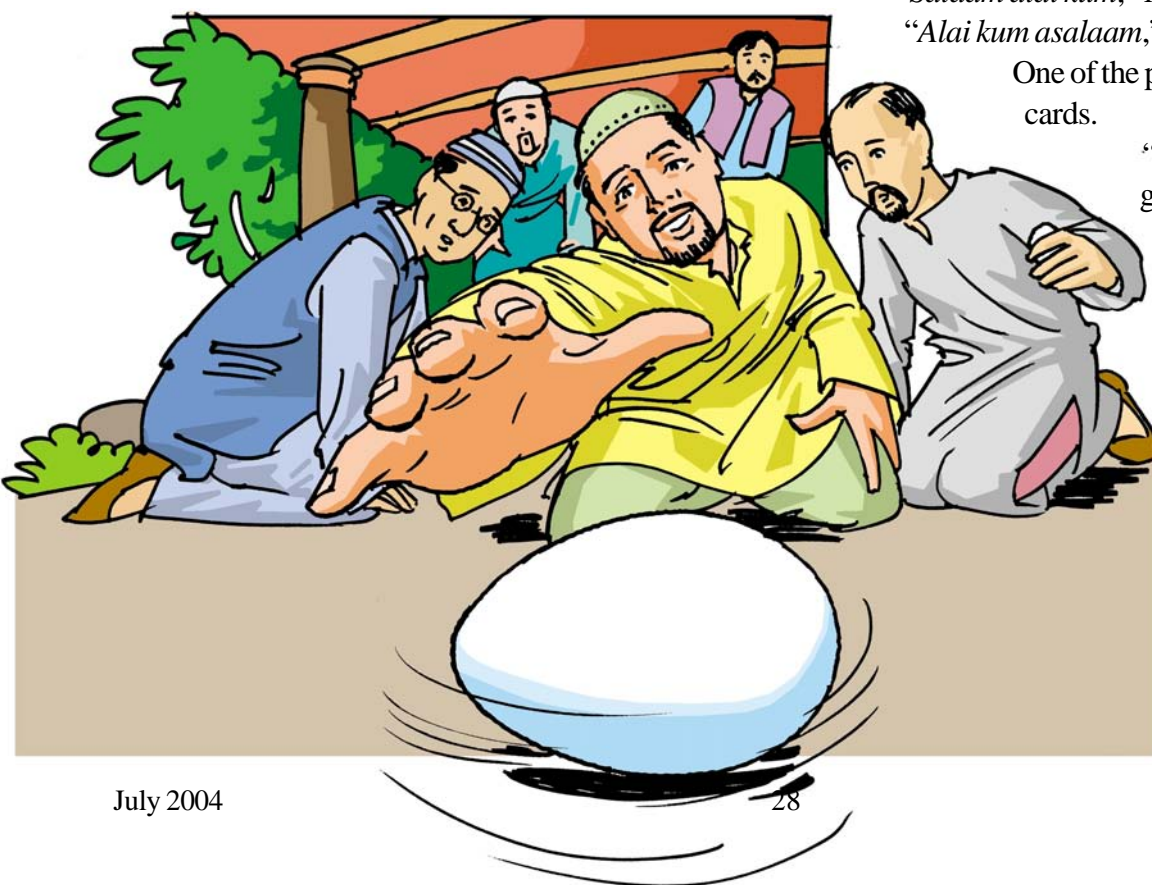
"One minute. I have another game in mind," said Nasruddin.

"Aha!" The man, who was shuffling the card, stopped for a moment. His mouth remained half open.

"Close your mouth, friend. Flies like to walk into mouths held open," Nasruddin teased.

"Can you ever be serious?" the man quickly tightened his lips.

"You talked of a new





game?” the men asked, in chorus.

“I did,” Nasruddin sat down, placing the bag carefully on the ground.

“What does it hold?” they asked.

“Eggs.”

“Eggs?”

“Yes. We need eggs to play the game,” Nasruddin pushed his hand into the bag and pulled out the eggs one by one. He gave one each to them. Then he pushed his hand in, dug out the egg from the wraps of the kerchief and pulled it out.

“Now we have the eggs. But we need a smooth surface to play the game?” he looked all around. His eyes fell on the verandah of the house of the gardener that stood on one side.

“That should do,” he hurried to the spot. The men followed him.

“This is a very exciting game. Any number of players can play the game. So we are seven. How much would you like to wager?”

“Five shekels,” said one oldest among them.

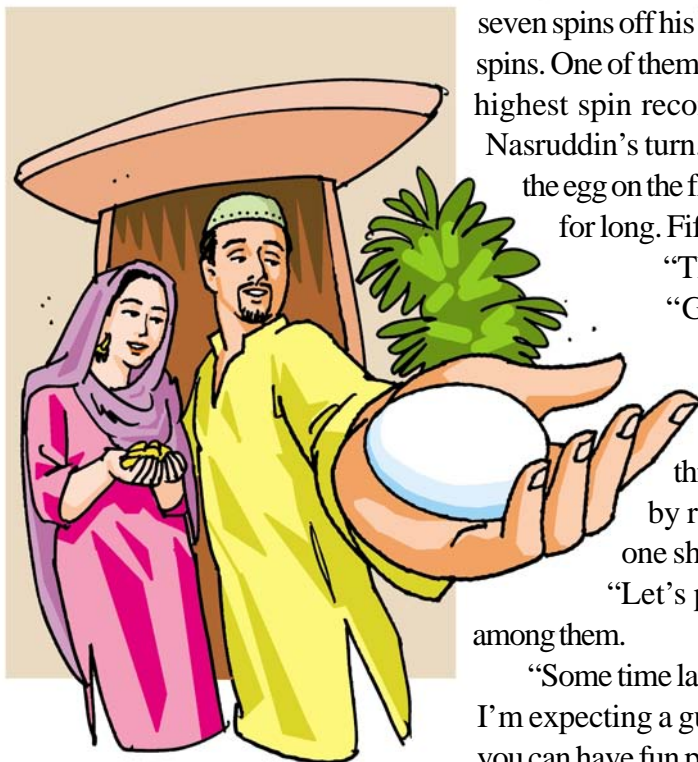
“Yes, It will be five shekels,” the others agreed.

“Suits me,” Nasruddin pulled out five shekels from the folds of his dress and put it down on the floor. The six men did so.

“Each of us has an egg. Each one gets a turn to spin the egg he holds on the floor. The player whose egg spins the maximum number of times will be the winner,” Nasruddin announced. “Fair enough,” said they. “But we want someone to keep count of the spin,” the men said.

A boy ran in chasing a squirrel. They offered him a shekel if he could keep count. The boy agreed. He had set his eyes on a sweetmeat at the bazaar. The shekel could help him buy it.

The game began. The first player managed to get



seven spins off his egg. The second one got nine spins. One of them managed just two spins. The highest spin recorded was nine. Then came Nasruddin’s turn. He held the tapering end of the egg on the floor and spun it. The egg spun for long. Fifteen rounds did it make.

“That is fifteen,” said the boy.

“Give me my shekel,” he demanded.

“One minute,” Nasruddin collected the thirty-five shekels that were his by right, now. He paid the boy one shekel and pocketed the rest.

“Let’s play again,” said the oldest among them.

“Some time later. Today, I have to hurry up. I’m expecting a guest for lunch. But the six of you can have fun playing the game,” Nasruddin took leave of them.

The shekels jingled in the folds of his dress. Nasruddin had made a killing, thanks to Badruddin. The genius had conducted tests with full-boiled eggs and fresh eggs, found out that full-boiled eggs spun longer than fresh eggs and shared the information with Nasruddin.

“You are back? It is rather soon. It is not yet noon,” his wife asked when Nasruddin walked in.

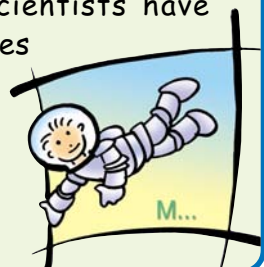
“SOON rhymes with NOON, just as much as MONEY rhymes with HONEY! So take this money, Honey,” he handed over the thirty-five shekels to her.

“How did you make this much money?” she asked.

“This money was spun out of a magic egg,” he made her sit by his side and shared with her how he made the full-boiled egg work for him and fetch him the fortune.

**-R.K. Murthi**

When astronauts remain weightless in space for prolonged periods, scientists have discovered that their bones lose a measurable amount of weight and thickness. This means that weightlessness actually causes human beings to shrink!







## A Dream Fulfilled

**B**aron Pierre de Coubertin was a boy when France lost the Battle of Sedan in 1870 in the Franco-Prussian War. Emperor Napoleon III was captured by the Germans, along with several French soldiers. The boy grew up in the shadow of the shame of the terrible defeat. De Coubertin believed that France might have lost the battle and the war because the French soldiers were too physically unfit and feeble to fight properly. The thought occurred to him that an international festival of athletics might be just the thing to encourage his countrymen to get fit.

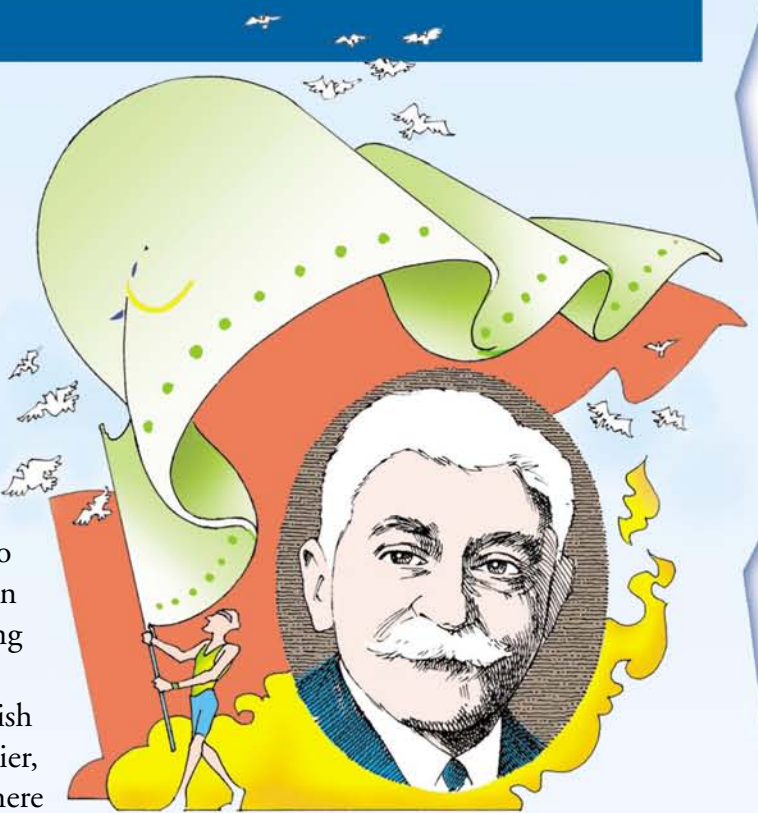
De Coubertin also happened to read how an English scholar called Richard Chandler a hundred years earlier, while on a tour, had chanced upon a site in Greece where the ruins of Olympia had existed. Greece was at that time under the rule of Turkey, and there was no way to investigate the site. That was in 1766. Two years later, a German historian, Winkleman, tried to follow up on Chandler's discovery. Unfortunately, he was murdered by bandits on his way to the site. Another hundred years later, Ernst Curtius, a German professor, did succeed in starting excavations at the site. All this had remained in young de Coubertin's mind.

In 1886, he was on a tour of England. He had great admiration for the British for their love of sport. Football, which had its beginnings in Britain, was already a popular sport in the public schools in England. De Coubertin was taken to one of these schools, the Rugby, where Thomas Arnold was headmaster from 1828 to 1842. The Frenchman had a lot of regard and respect for Arnold, as he had encouraged sport as part of the school curriculum. De Coubertin visited Arnold's tomb in the school chapel where he is reported to have had a vision, which finally decided what his mission in life would be—revival of the Olympic Games.

On his return to Paris, he convened a conference to discuss the start of an international Olympics to be held once in four years. Sports lovers from 12 countries participated in the conference, while 21 other countries sent messages supporting the proposal. The conference was a big success. It was decided to form an International Olympic Committee.

De Coubertin was made its Secretary. It was agreed that the first modern Olympics Games would be held in Athens in 1896. It was inaugurated on April 6. He was voted President of the Olympic Committee prior to the Games. De Coubertin's dream was fulfilled. In 1928 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. He passed away in 1937.

De Coubertin's contributions to the Olympic Games include the Olympic symbol—a set of five interlocking rings (1913). Each ring represents a continent. This symbol, displayed on a white background, became the Olympic flag (1914). As there was no Games during the First World War, the flag was flown for the first time at the 1920 Antwerp Games.





# CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

## KALEIDOSCOPE

### SIMPLICITY, A WAY OF LIFE

Almost all great people had been simple in dress, in speech, and in their ways of living. Take Gandhiji for instance. He wore a simple dress whether he was expected to meet kings and queens, Viceroys and Governors, or Dukes and Duchesses. He appeared before large gatherings wearing his simple dress.

Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar was a well-known educationist and social reformer. He was often invited to meetings and social functions. He always went in his simple dress. Once he was invited to a dinner party. He was very proud of his traditional simple dress. Unfortunately, he was not allowed in by the gatekeeper of the huge mansion. Vidyasagar went home and came back in a black suit. This time, the gatekeeper allowed him in.

As he was the chief guest, he was greeted with great respect and led to the dinner table. Soon food was served. While the other guests started eating, Vidyasagar was seen taking spoonfuls of food and dropping it on his suit. The other guests were horrified, and the host who was seated next to him, felt embarrassed. He politely asked Vidyasagar, "Sir, why aren't you eating? Why are you acting in a strange way?"

Vidyasagar smiled and said, "When I came here wearing a dhoti, I was not let in; but when I changed my dress and came, I was allowed to enter. So, I feel it is the suit that deserves the food."

The guests now understood and laughed. The host took hold of a napkin and as he wiped the suit, he apologised, "Sir, I'm really sorry."

**Aparna R. Nair (13), Bangalore**



Please Note :

1. Your stories have to be very brief;
2. Poems should not have more than 12 lines.
3. Jokes, riddles, puzzles should be original and unpublished.



## BEAUTY OF NATURE

What if I wake up,  
on that morning  
to a streak of  
sunshine in my room?

All I hear is rustling of the wind,  
the chirp of the birds and the  
whisper of the trees.

All I see are the clouds towering  
high in the sky and trees of all  
shapes and sizes.

All I smell is the air of spring around  
me and the smell of sweet water.

As I look down at myself  
I see a row of butterflies.

Oh the beauty of nature,  
how it can take your breath  
away.

If only I could wake up to see  
a streak of sunshine in my  
room.

*(If people could make them-  
selves a part of nature  
and just listen to it, you will see  
that nature has its own  
language.)*



**Kamna Shastri (10), Seattle, USA**





**Master :**  
Who stole  
my money?

**Servant :**  
The thief.

**Master :**  
How did  
you know?

**Servant :**  
Because I  
helped  
him.

**Father :**  
Study hard so  
that you  
won't make a  
single  
mistake.

**Son :** Father,  
I'll try to  
make as  
many  
mistakes as  
possible.



**Sunita Pal (14), Nayagarh**

**Ram :** Bring me a plate of samosas.

**Waiter (after  
watching him  
eating) :** Sir, why  
are you eating  
only the fillings?

**Ram :** My  
doctor has  
advised me  
not to eat  
anything from  
outside.



**V.K. Nambe Narayan (12), Mumbai**



**Baskar :** O  
God, please  
give me a  
room full of  
gold!

**Chander :**  
O God,  
please give  
me a room  
full of  
diamonds!

**Damodar :**  
O God,

please give me the keys to their rooms!

**Rahul :** Mom, we'll  
soon become  
very rich.

**Mother :**  
How, my  
son?

**Rahul :**  
Tomorrow,  
my teacher  
will tell us  
how to  
convert  
paise into  
rupees.



**Saranya :**  
Gayatri, how did  
you do your  
history exam?

**Gayatri :** Not  
very well; it  
wasn't my fault.  
They asked  
about events that  
happened before  
I was born.



**G.T. Kumar (13), Jaggayyapet**

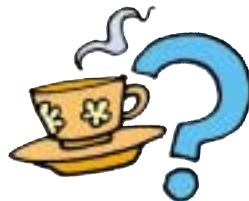


## RIDDLES



1. My head is in my tail, and my tail is in my head. You are in the middle. What am I?

2. Where is tea in hotel?



*Zubair Islam Alam (13),  
Cuttack.*



3. What makes us dry, but itself gets wet?



4. How do you catch a squirrel?

*Nivedita Patil (9), Pune.*

N	V	G	R	O	H	T	U	O	W
D	C	E	L	O	Z	X	E	D	
O	N	E	E	N	C	N	N		
A	R	S	I	T	A	R			
A	F	L	U	T	E				
S	R	A	N	O	S	W	T	R	S
Y	O	N	A	P	I	A	N	O	
D	K	A	F	D	P	I	A	N	O
G	H	N	E	L	C	V	M	K	D
S	A	X	O	P	H	O	N	E	B
Q	T	E	N	I	A	R	C	M	

*Musical Puzzle :*

*Figure this out :*  
1 cup of tea has 1/2 cup of caffeine as in a cup of coffee and two times caffeine in a can of Cola.

## FIGURE THIS OUT

Sally decided to give up coffee for tea until she read that 1lb of black tea contains twice as much caffeine as in 1lb of coffee. However, Sally remembered that 1lb of tea will give 160 cups, whereas 1 lb of coffee can give only 40 cups. One 12 oz can of Cola has about a quarter of caffeine as much as in a cup of coffee. How much of caffeine is in a cup of tea in comparison to a cup of coffee and to a can of Cola?

*Nivedita Patil (9), Pune*

## MUSICAL PUZZLE

Hi, readers, how much do you know of music and music instruments? Well, spot out the 12 music instruments in the grid below. You may search horizontally, vertically and diagonally.

M	C	L	A	R	I	N	E	T	Q
S	A	X	O	P	H	O	N	E	B
G	H	N	E	L	C	V	M	K	D
K	A	F	D	P	I	A	N	O	Y
B	R	A	N	O	S	W	T	R	S
I	P	B	L	F	L	U	T	E	A
A	D	I	R	Q	S	I	T	A	R
N	N	C	N	V	E	E	N	A	O
D	C	E	L	L	O	Z	X	E	D
M	O	U	T	H	O	R	G	A	N

*M. Shravanth Kumar (13), Mysore*

**Answers :**  
1. Church  
2. Middle

3. Towel  
4. Climb up a tree and act like a nut



# THE ADVENTURES OF **G-man**



## PICNIC AT MISERY ISLAND PART II

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# TERRULEN THE MASTER OF DEATH

Ruth and powerful Terruleus controls a vast empire of crime and terror. Masquerading as a law-abiding citizen, he kidnaps children and absorbs their vital energy to feed his obsession - eternal youth.

Terruleus's smoking pipe has poison gases that can knock out an adversary. The tip of his pipe holds an antidote, thus saving him - unaffected.



Terruleus's clothes are made from Scenton - a light fabric woven from strands of steel and cotton. Create-resistant, even in a nuclear explosion.

For a quick getaway, Terruleus has powerful jets built into his shoes.



**T-TOWER**  
Terruleus's headquarters. It conceals a hidden laboratory, nuclear chemical and biological warfare labs, torture chambers and dark dungeons deep below.

Terruleus commands a huge army of trained terrorists, bodyguards and robots. Armed with lethal weapons of death, they stand ready to fulfill Terruleus's sinister desires.



Terruleus markets drugs and sophisticated food to fund his wicked schemes.



The cane's head holds a small screen displaying images from across his empire.

Very few have seen Terruleus's strange-like inborn half-brother. None have lived to tell the tale.





# SURYARAJ

The Indian Army's 4th regiment fought its last battle that day.  
Driving straight into an enemy ambush high up in the Himalayas.

Only Major Suryaraj survives the carnage...

alone,

wounded,

weary

and very cold.

Armed with an emergency supply of Parle-G and a strong will to live,

he now fights a new enemy...

the brutal elements.

Two weeks later,

Suryaraj runs out of supplies

and willpower...

Waiting to sink into the anonymous mountain...

When  
a wandering  
orb stumbles  
upon him.

The orb transports  
the inert body to  
an abandoned  
spacecraft.



In the abandoned spacecraft, the alien orb performs a series of tests on Major Suraj.

Is this the one the prophecies spoke of?

Is his soul pure?

Is his mind tough?

Is he the answer to the earth's cry for help?

Is he the one to take on the grand task?

Can he fight for the cause of god?

Apparently he could.

But first he had to be transformed into ...





The destroyer of evil.

This is the superb being that the alien guardians of the earth sought. The single force to undo the harm that greed, hate, cruelty and arrogance have wrecked on gentle Mother Earth.

### The Orb

Finally the orb's decade-old quest ends. A new purpose takes its place. To aid, guide and encourage G-Man in his battle against evil.



G-Man uses his energy beams to stun, shield, capture, but never to kill.



There are three levels of the beam:

Blue beam	- strong
Yellow beam	- intense
Red beam	- extreme

The G-Band alerts G-Man about crimes across the world. With data feed from his extraterrestrial eyes - the orb, and the alien satellites orbiting the earth.



Suryasai has to be in constant contact with his trader home, which in reality is a small spacecraft in disguise. This vehicle is capable of receiving and transmitting signals.



G-Man gets his powers from special formula Parle-G biscuits.



When he is not fighting crime, G-Man lives as Major Suryasai - a physical training instructor in a school. He is loved and respected by his students.



Story so far ... Terrorene has kidnapped a busload of school children and plans to put them inside a terrible machine that will suck the energy out of the kids, and transfer it to him. Then helping him stay young. But where is G-Man when all this is happening ... read on.

Somewhere a 1000 kms inland ... Major Sarqaraj referees a game of football

C'mon Vicky,  
pass the ball  
to Xerxes.

Suddenly his G-Band starts to beep.

**G BAND**

A unique arm band that alerts  
G-Man about crimes across  
the world.

BLIP  
BLIP

BLIP

I hope you're enjoying  
the picnic. Swim time  
meshinko.  
Harrh kyakk kyakk.



Saryaraj eats  
his favourite  
energy food,  
a pack of  
PARLE-G.  
He'll need all of it  
to pull the plug  
on Terroline's evil  
plan this time.



Legend has it that Saryaraj absorbs lights for a fraction of a second from the man before he becomes the G-Man. That probably explains why it gets dark for a second. And why no one can see the transformation.



The destroyer of evil.





The flaming ball of fire hurtles towards the island at the speed of light.  
That's 300,000 kilometres per second.



The island's defence warning systems seem to be in top shape. Terrance's army of brave commandos and mighty robots stand waiting to welcome G-Man.



What they weren't expecting was a ball of fire.

And that too right in the middle of their ranks.





Every weapon releases its deadly package at G-Max.



G-Max isn't one to refuse a gift. His shield absorbs the bullets.



And the more bullets it absorbs...



...the stronger he gets.

Time for  
a return gift.





G-Man unleashes star rays on him.



The star rays  
a weapon invented by G-Man himself, decapitates people without killing them.  
G-Man is against killing people, and believes everyone must get a chance to live.

Will G-Man reach on time to save the kidnapped children? Will he capture Terrence with just a pocket of Paris-Q? Watch out for Part III.





Help G-Man reach T-Tower and fight Terrolene.



POWER SUPPLY



Visit [www.parleproducts.com](http://www.parleproducts.com)



After living in exile for a few years, the deposed King Shantidev reaches hermit Jayananda, from whom he learns that the queen is no more, and the boy with the sage is the prince. On the sage's advice Shantidev checks his urge to meet the boy. People rise against the usurper Vir Singh. Their leader is Vasant, who is saved by the king from the soldiers of General Amar Singh.

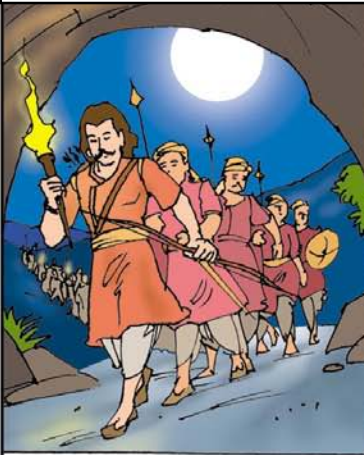
# ARYA

The Mystery of the Unknown Prince

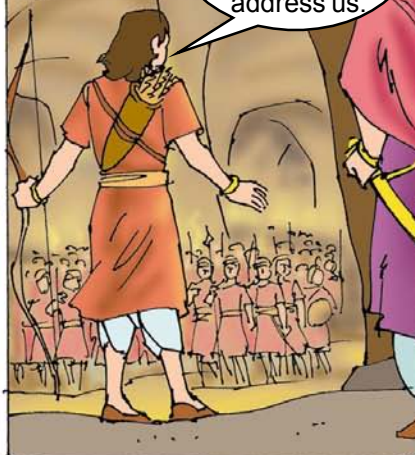
14

Art:  
Gandhi Ayya

A full moon night. Vasant leads some villagers to the valley.



I'm expecting someone here to address us.



From behind a rock, he hears his name in a whisper.



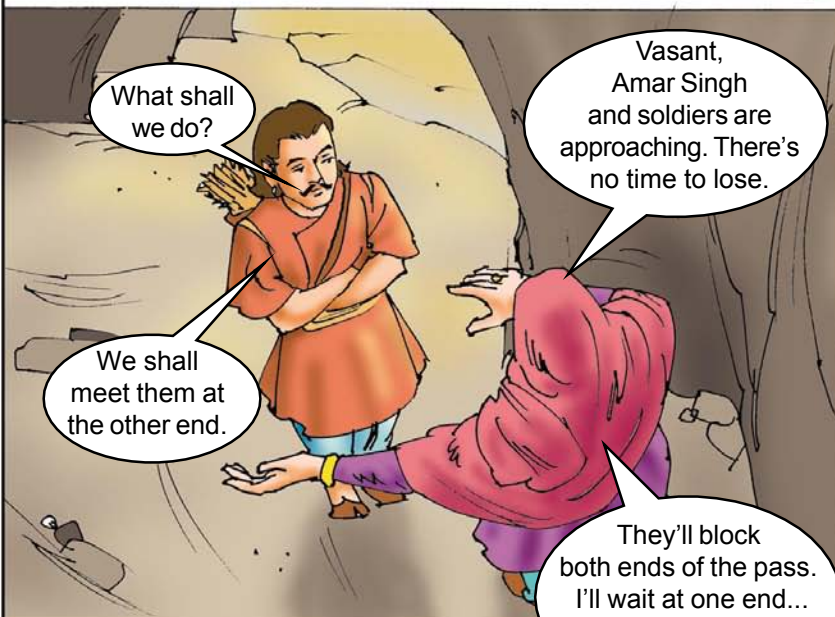
Your majesty!

What shall we do?

We shall meet them at the other end.

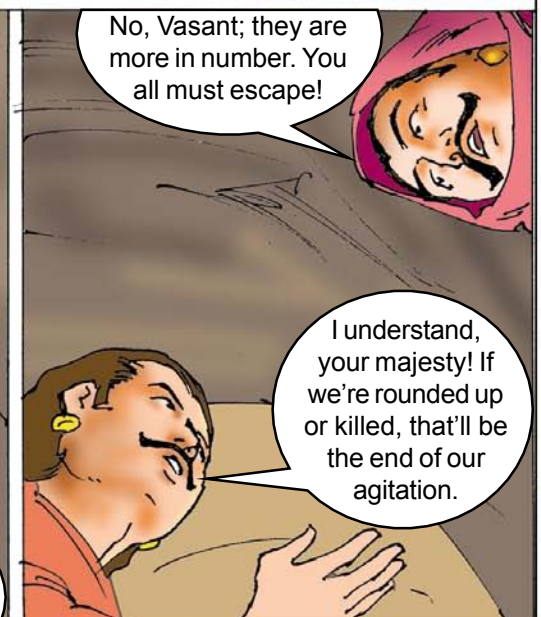
Vasant, Amar Singh and soldiers are approaching. There's no time to lose.

They'll block both ends of the pass. I'll wait at one end...



No, Vasant; they are more in number. You all must escape!

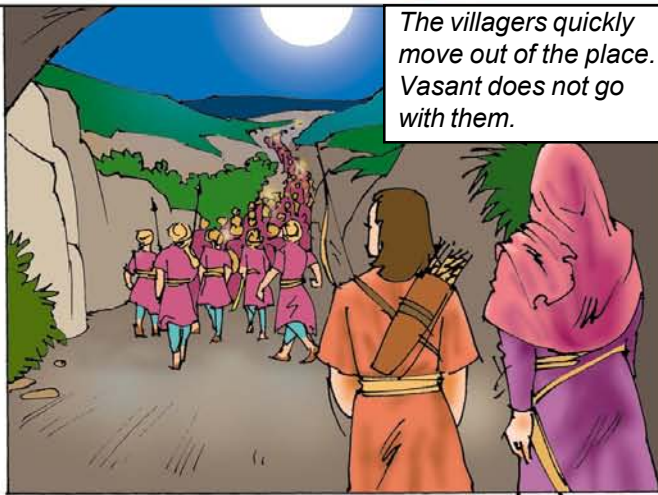
I understand, your majesty! If we're rounded up or killed, that'll be the end of our agitation.







Friends, Amar Singh has found our hide-out. Go away from here, and be quick!



The villagers quickly move out of the place. Vasant does not go with them.



Vasant, why are you still here?

How can I leave you alone?

Shantidev draws his sword, ready to offer a fight.



We'll give them a scare!

They're already here, your majesty!

Shantidev steps forward and gives a forceful kick. The soldier rolls down. Some others behind him also fall down.

Two soldiers climb into the pass. Amar Singh is behind them.



Go ahead!



Go back! Otherwise...

Haa! Aargh!





A soldier behind Amar Singh, too, mistakes the king for Vasant.

The soldier throws his spear at Shantidev...

...who is hit.

Shantidev is in great pain.



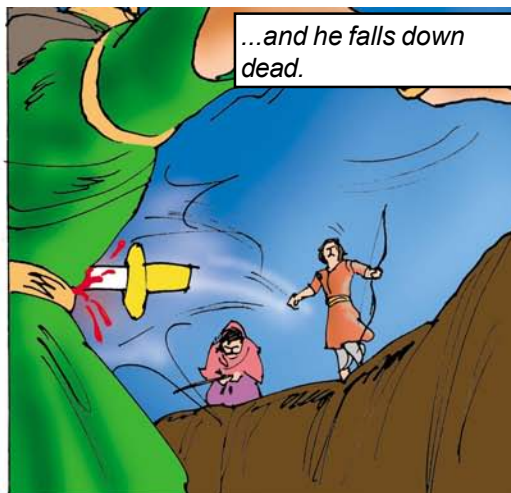




On seeing the soldier aiming his spear at the king...



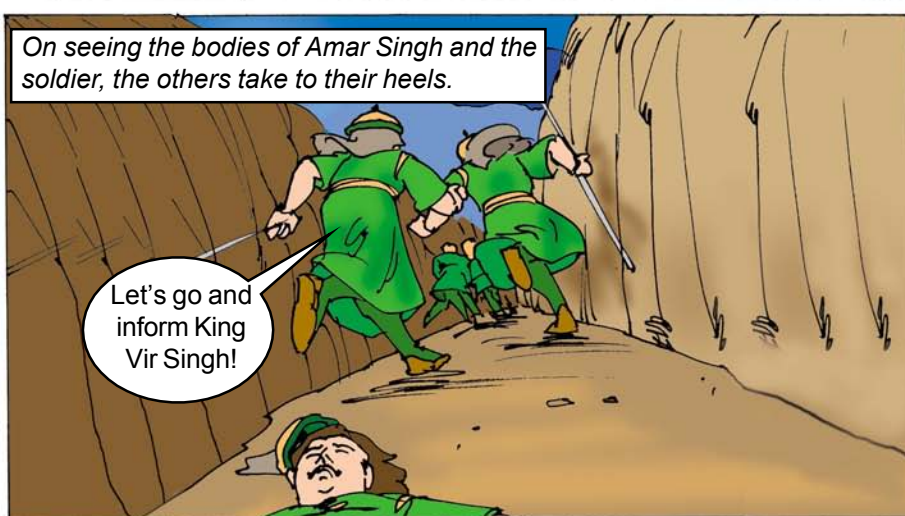
...Vasant throws his dagger at the soldier...



...and he falls down dead.

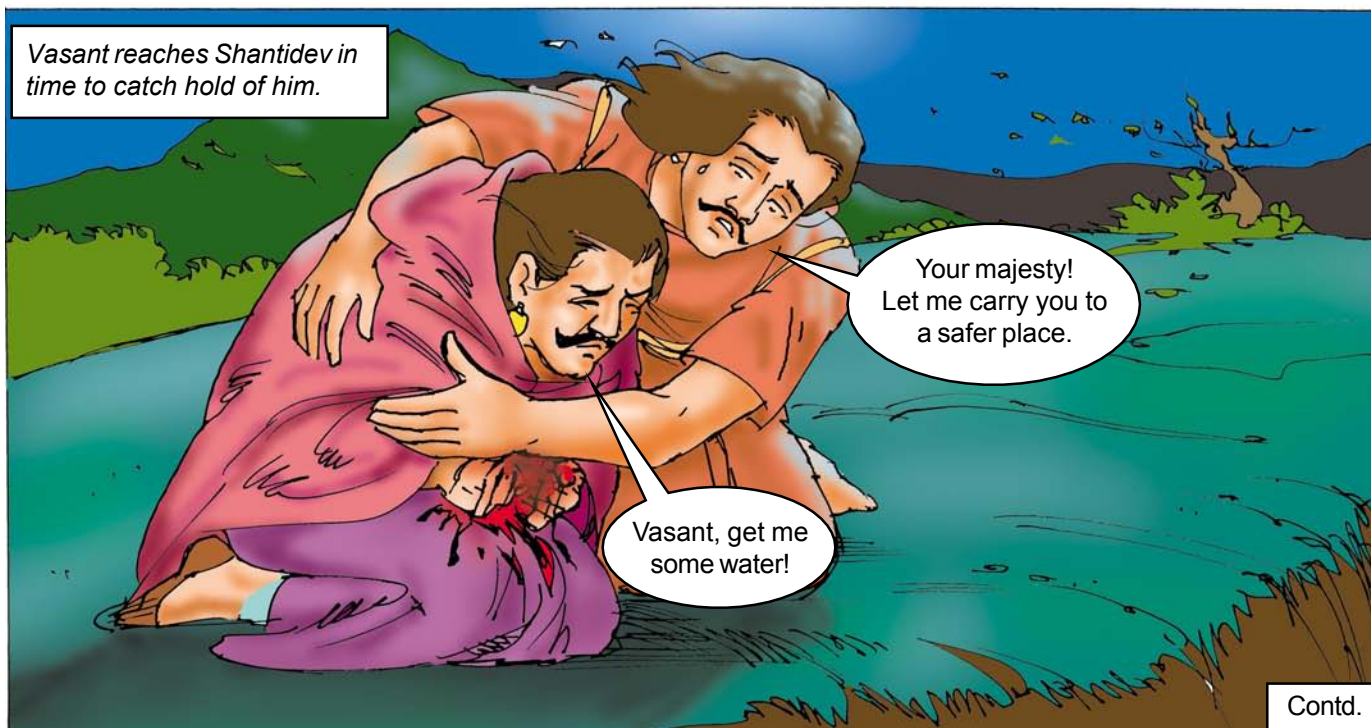


Our General! He's dead!



On seeing the bodies of Amar Singh and the soldier, the others take to their heels.

Let's go and inform King Vir Singh!



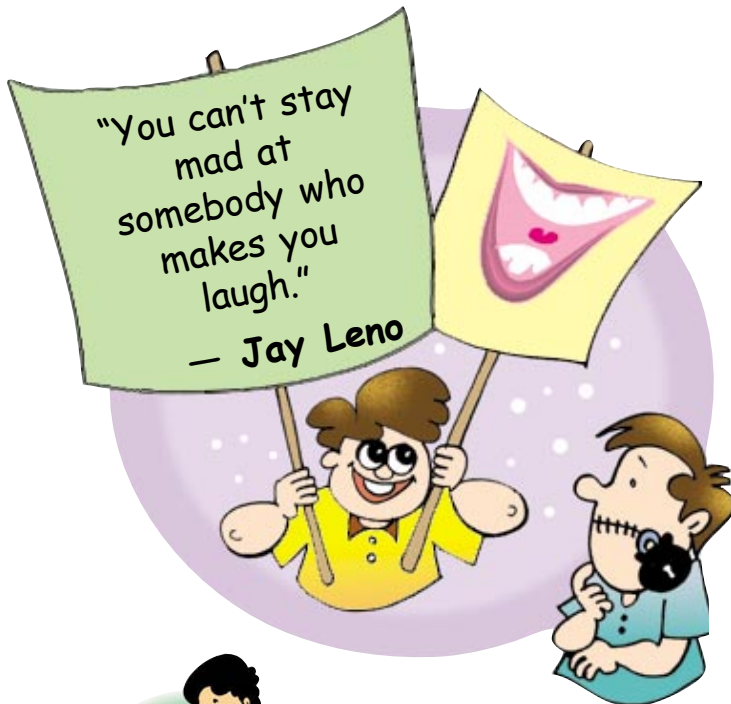
Vasant reaches Shantidev in time to catch hold of him.

Your majesty! Let me carry you to a safer place.

Vasant, get me some water!

Contd.





# Laugh till you drop!

**Football Manager :**

You played a great game there, Balu.

**Balu :** No sir, I thought I played rather badly.

**Manager :** No, you played a great game for the other side.



ଓହଓହ

**Teacher :** Which is more important, the sun or the moon?

**Akshay :** The moon.

**Teacher :** Why do you think so?

**Akshay :** Well the moon shines at night when it's dark, but the sun shines in the day when it's bright anyway.



ଓହଓହ

**Vijay :** Father, can you write your name with your eyes shut?

**Father :** I think so, Vijay.

**Vijay :** All right, then, please shut them and sign my report card.



ଓହଓହ

**Ram :** My wife comes from a very large family. How about yours?

**Shyam :** No, she brought it with her.



**Wife :** Mother says she nearly died laughing over those stories you told her.

**Husband :** Where is she? I'll tell her some funnier ones.



## Dushtu Dattu

One evening, Dattu has some exciting news for his parents...



Mummy, today when the teacher asked a question, I was the only one who could answer it!

Did you hear that? Our son is so smart!



What was that question, Dattu?

She asked, 'Who put that frog in my desk drawer?'







# Through the Turbulent Pacific in a Primitive Raft

**T**he youth listened in rapt attention as the old man recounted stories of his forefathers, around a fire on the sandy beach of the island of Fatuhiva in the Pacific Ocean.

“Tiki was both god and chief. It was Tiki who brought my ancestors to these islands from the big country beyond the sea where we lived,” said old Tei Tetua with a twinkle in his eyes.

He was the sole survivor of several tribes long extinct on the coast of these beautiful islands. His tales and words rang again and again in the mind of the young man, Thor Heyerdahl, a student of zoology from Norway who had gone there during the years 1937-38 to study and carry out research on wildlife in that part of the world.

The young student observed that the wind and the ocean currents flowed across the Pacific from east to west. He, too, found that there were cultural and other similarities between the

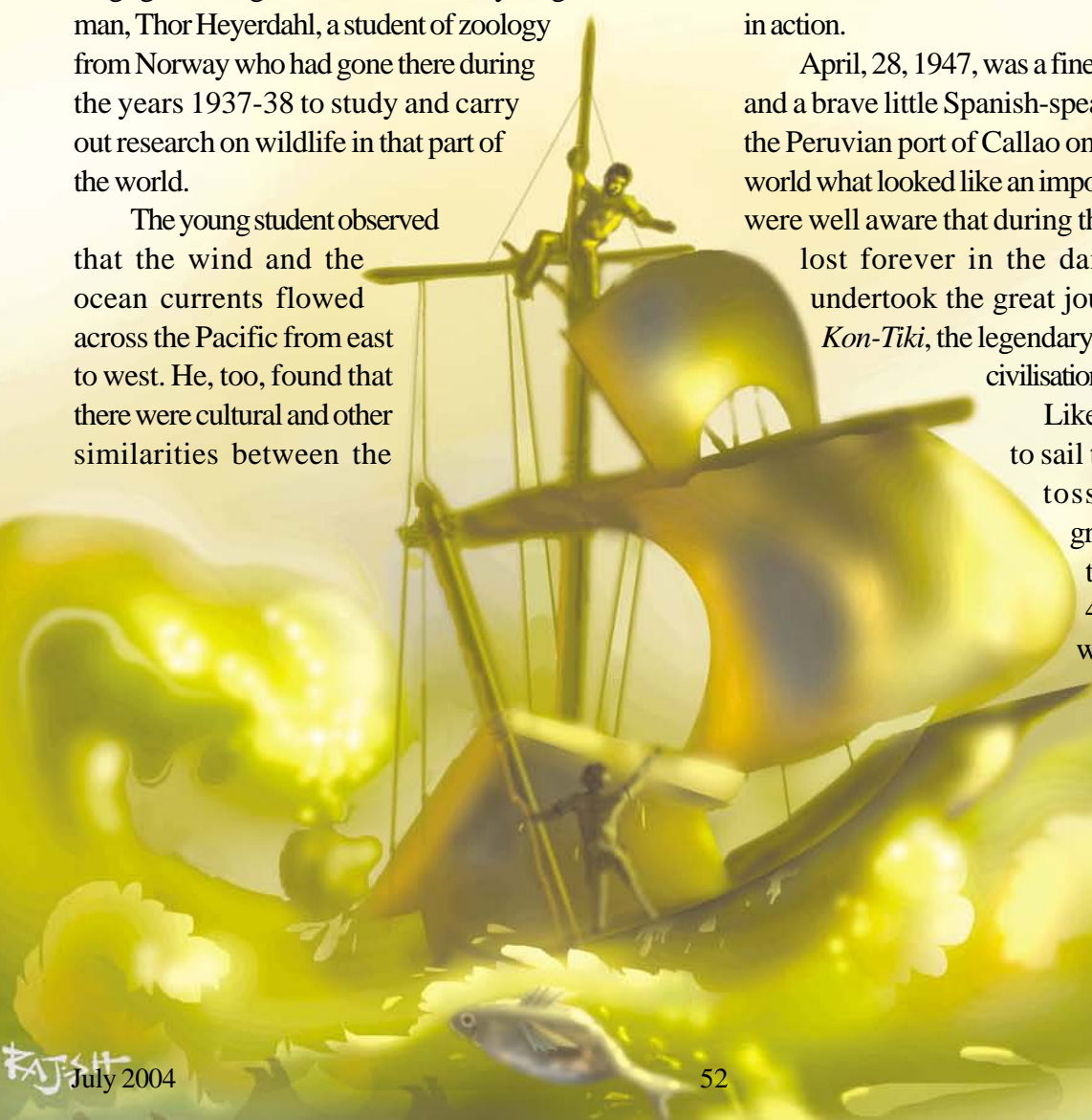
countries on either side of this ocean. ‘So, what old Tei Tetua said was possibly true! These little islands on the Pacific could have been originally populated by people from South America,’ he thought.

But there was a storm of protest from the scientists who did not accept the theory. How could those ancient people possibly cross this vast expanse of the ocean without having any sea-worthy vessels?

But young Thor Heyerdahl had a dream. He had a dream to become an explorer. A spirit of adventure had awakened in his heart and he decided to prove his theory in action.

April, 28, 1947, was a fine day, when six brave men and a brave little Spanish-speaking parrot set out from the Peruvian port of Callao on a voyage to prove to the world what looked like an impossible dream. All of them were well aware that during the journey they might be lost forever in the dangerous waters. They undertook the great journey naming their raft *Kon-Tiki*, the legendary god-king of the lost Inca civilisation.

Like a cork, the strangest raft to sail the sea in modern times tossed on the turbulent greenish and cold waters of the Pacific. It was about 40ft long made of balsa wood and a little bamboo





cabin stood on it for shelter. There was the mast and a square sail for using the wind as motive power. It was in fact an exact replica of the vessels used by the ancient mariners. Steering by the stars, the *Kon-Tiki* and its crew battled against the elements, gales, hurricanes and waves as high as mountains.

“So the first 60 hours passed, in one continuous struggle against a chaos of waves that rushed upon us, one after another, without cessation,” Thor Heyerdahl says in his book on this great expedition.

The green little parrot always sulked in its cage and hung on with its beak and frantically flapped its wings when the great volume of water splashed against the raft. But the next morning it began to whistle and dance joyfully on its perch and chattered in Spanish as if wanting to say, “Wake up friends, it’s a fine day!” Sometimes when the crew members were busy hauling and pulling at critical moments, the parrot would begin to call out in its cracked tone, “Haul! Haul! Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!”

The six men immensely enjoyed the parrot’s humour and its brilliant colours, but not for long. Just two months had passed when one day a great wave came crashing on the board and carried the poor bird with it.

One day a veritable sea monster slowly moved along the side of the raft. In front of its terrific jaws swam a group of zebra-striped fish in a fan formation. Thousands of parasites covered its elephant-like body and travelled with it. It was a whale shark.

The friendly dolphins, too, were constant companions of the six voyagers. “We fastened unused flying fish to a string and drew them over the surface of the water. The dolphins shot up to the surface and seized the fish, and then we tugged, each in our own direction, and had a fine circus performance, for if one dolphin let go, another came in its place. We had fun, and the dolphins got the fish at the end.”

Amidst much adventure and drama the *Kon-Tiki* slowly drifted towards its destination. Thus ran some entries in the log book of the vessel: **8.15:** We are slowly approaching land. We can now make out with the naked eye the separate palm trees... **9.50:** Very close now. Drifting along the reef. Only a hundred yards or so away... All clear. Must pack up log now. All in good spirits; it

looks bad, BUT WE SHALL MAKE IT! The anchor that was thrown overboard had caught hold of the bottom. But it remained there not for long. Suddenly a storm brewed up and the anchor gave way. The swell of the ocean grew heavier and heavier and the waves rose higher and higher and the raft with the six young men swung up and down, up and down.

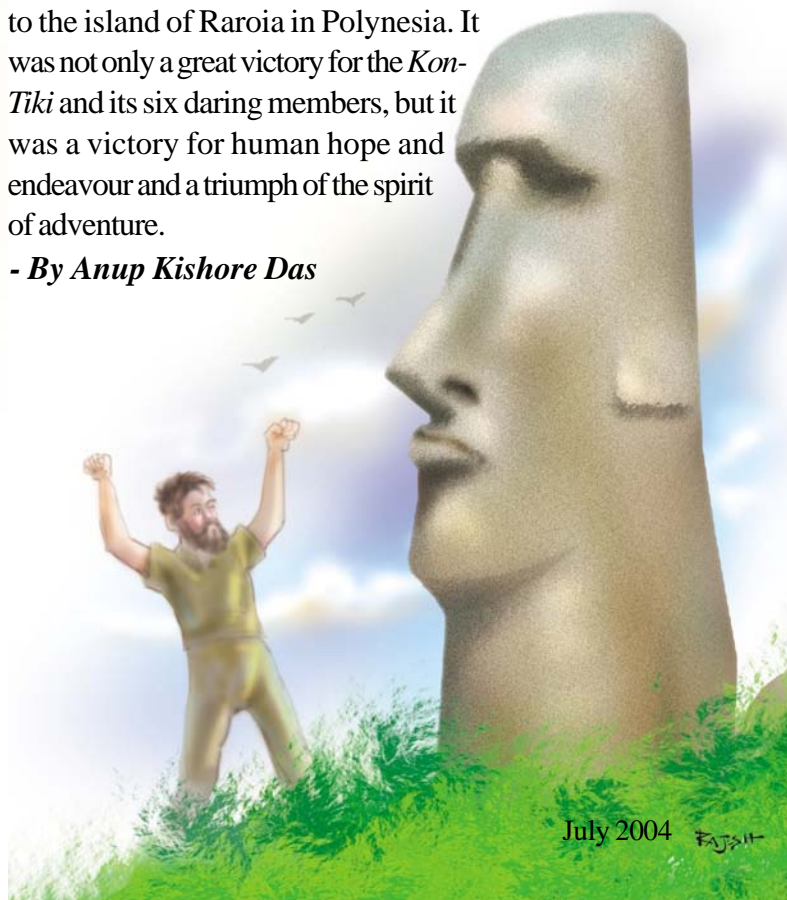
“Hold on, never mind the cargo, hold on!” shouted the leader on top of his voice.

Each man clung tightly to a rope he thought was secure enough. There rose once again a series of towering waves like glittering walls of green glass. They rose almost to a height of 25ft and the *Kon-Tiki* along with its occupants just disappeared in the mass of water. The six courageous men had only one thought in mind - to hold on whatever happens. Luckily their feet could touch the ground.

It was not before long the great ocean calmed down. But alas, the *Kon-Tiki* as if by magic lay stranded on a great rock, shattered and wrecked. Its crew salvaged everything they could carry and waded to the island in the quiet lagoon within the reef.

This historic voyage took 101 days and covered a distance of about 5,000 miles from Peru to the island of Raroia in Polynesia. It was not only a great victory for the *Kon-Tiki* and its six daring members, but it was a victory for human hope and endeavour and a triumph of the spirit of adventure.

- By Anup Kishore Das







## Xenon

Did you know that to get just 900 ml of xenon, you would need 19 million litres of air?



Really? Now, if only I could find a method of distilling the air, I can make a fortune by bottling and selling xenon!

Xenon (symbol Xe), named after the Greek *xenon*, meaning 'stranger', is a rare gas discovered by Sir William Ramsay and Morris W. Travers in 1898. Its atomic weight is 131.3 and atomic number 54. Xenon is part of the group of noble or inert gases. The properties common to these gases are that they are relatively non-reactive and have high ionisation energies and low boiling points. Before 1962, it had generally been assumed that xenon and other noble gases were unable to form compounds. Evidence has been mounting in the past few years that xenon, as well as the other noble gases, do form compounds. More than 80 xenon compounds have been made with xenon chemically bonded fluorine and oxygen. Xenon is one of the heaviest gases; one litre of xenon weighs 5.842 grams. It is also

extremely scarce, being found in the atmosphere at levels of approximately one part in twenty million. It is commercially obtained by extraction from liquid air.

## Xanthophyll

Did you ever notice the green leaves of many trees turning yellow in autumn, and wonder where the yellow colour comes from? If you did, here's the answer – it comes from *xanthophyll*, a yellow carotenoid pigment in plants which, like chlorophyll, is responsible for the production of carbohydrates by photosynthesis. The photosynthetic pigments of green plants consist of two primary groups:

chlorophylls and carotenoids. The carotenoid group can be divided into oxygen free carotenes and xanthophylls, which contain oxygen in different forms. In plants, xanthophyll is considered an accessory pigment. It is always present in plants, but is only revealed when chlorophyll is absent (in autumn). Xanthophyll is also found in animals, and gives the yellow colour to egg yolks and human blood plasma. *Lutein* is the most important pigment in the xanthophyll class, and is found abundantly in spinach, peaches and broccoli. High levels of xanthophylls are found in leafy green vegetables, and consumption of these vegetables has been linked to a wide range of health benefits, including reduced risk of heart disease and certain cancers.







## X-rays

X-rays are electromagnetic waves of short wavelength, capable of penetrating matter of some thickness. As with many of mankind's monumental discoveries, X-ray technology was invented completely by accident. In 1895, a German physicist named Wilhelm Roentgen, while experimenting with electron beams in a gas discharge tube, discovered a new form of radiation that allowed him to photograph objects hidden behind opaque shields. He even photographed parts of his own body. He called these waves 'X-rays' because nothing was known about them. Roentgen's remarkable

discovery precipitated one of the most important medical advancements in

human history. X-ray technology lets doctors see with ease straight through human tissue to examine broken bones, cavities and objects swallowed. While the most important contribution of X-ray technology has been in the field of medicine, X-rays have played a crucial role in a number of other areas as well. In the industrial world, X-

ray scanners are often used to detect minute flaws in heavy metal equipment; they are also standard equipment in airport security.

- By Rajee Raman



## Activity

**Given below are the definitions for some terms used in science. Using these definitions as clues, can you identify them?**

1. Chromosome combination determining the sex of the male infant.
2. Process of making photographic reproduction of images using static electricity.
3. The tissue in plant stems and roots that transports water and minerals upwards from the roots to the stem, via capillary action.
4. A plant adapted for life under very dry, desert-like conditions.

1. XY (X from the mother, Y from the father)
2. Xerography
3. Xylem
4. Xerophyte

**Answers:**



**R**omu rabbit sat in his bed still feeling sleepy. With his blanket tucked under his chin, he dozed off to sleep again. Mother rabbit was busy in the kitchen.

“Wake up, Romu!” she called out. “The sun is up and the birds are chirping in the trees.”

Looking out of the window, she said, “See, it’s so bright and sunny and all the animals are having a lot of fun out there. Why don’t you go out and play with them in the sun, too?”

Romu opened his eyes and with a curious look on his face asked himself, ‘Sun? What’s a sun?’

Sigh! Romu had never seen the sun!

Poor Romu woke up so late that by the time he was out of his house it was so bright that he could never dare to look up at it. And there were the huge trees that blocked his view.

Soon after breakfast, he went out to meet his friends, Rummy rat and Fomi frog playing by their favourite spot, the Mushroom Garden.

“What’s a sun? Have you seen one?” asked Romu sitting on his favourite mushroom. His friends looked surprised and they burst out laughing, “Ha! Ha! Ha!”

# ROMU SEES THE SUN

Romu was now feeling embarrassed. He wished he hadn’t asked. His friends were now laughing at him. And he didn’t like it a bit.

They began to tease him. “If only our lazy Romu woke up early, he would be able to see the sun,” said Rummy rat. And Fomi frog added, “But our Romu wants to slleeepppp!”

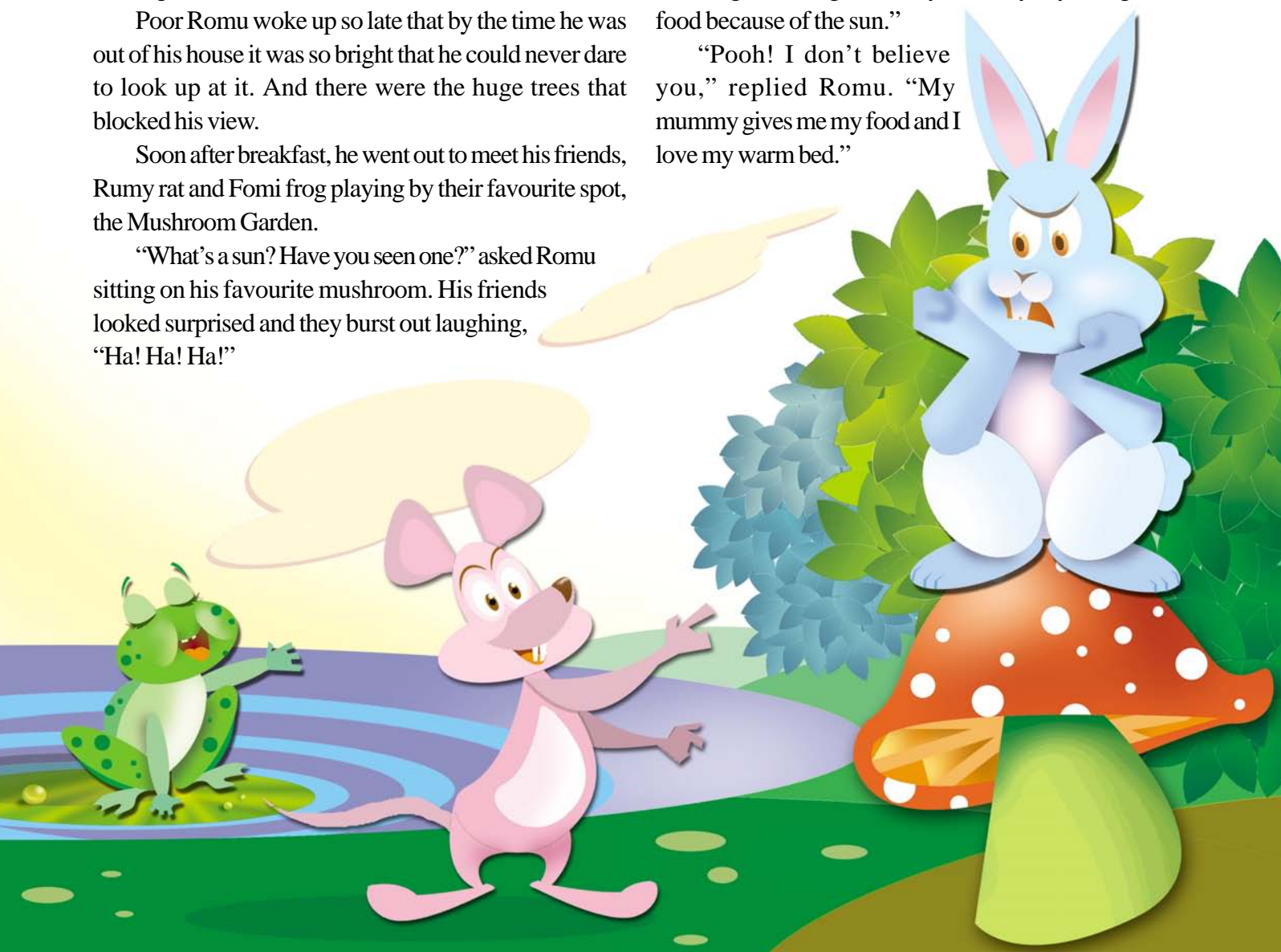
They threw back their heads and burst out laughing.

Romu couldn’t take this any more. “But a rabbit has got to have his sleep,” he said.

Fomi frog hopped over to Romu and said, “You know, Romu, the sun

is so huge and bright and my mummy says we get our food because of the sun.”

“Pooh! I don’t believe you,” replied Romu. “My mummy gives me my food and I love my warm bed.”





So saying, he jumped off the mushroom and hopped back to his home.

Next morning as usual, Mother rabbit woke up Romu. But Romu had made up his mind that he would not leave his bed. He dug deeper in his blanket and went off to sleep again. Mother rabbit thought, maybe Romu was too tired and she allowed him to sleep a little longer.

Noon passed and it was evening. Mother rabbit, who was toiling in the Carrot Patch since morning, finally finished and she entered the house. She peeped into Romu's room only to find him still in bed.

"Wake up, Romu, it's evening already," she said taking Romu in her arms.

Romu tried to open his eyes, but they were still feeling very heavy. His body and head ached. "Mummy, I'm feeling sick," he moaned.

"It's because you haven't been out of the house since morning," she said. "You should go out and play. You'll feel fresh and energetic in the sun. You know the sun is our source of energy.

"He provides us with food and helps us to grow up. The carrots that we grow need the sun, too. All plants, trees, animals and birds, need the sun too. The sun is our best friend." And she took Romu gently in her arms.

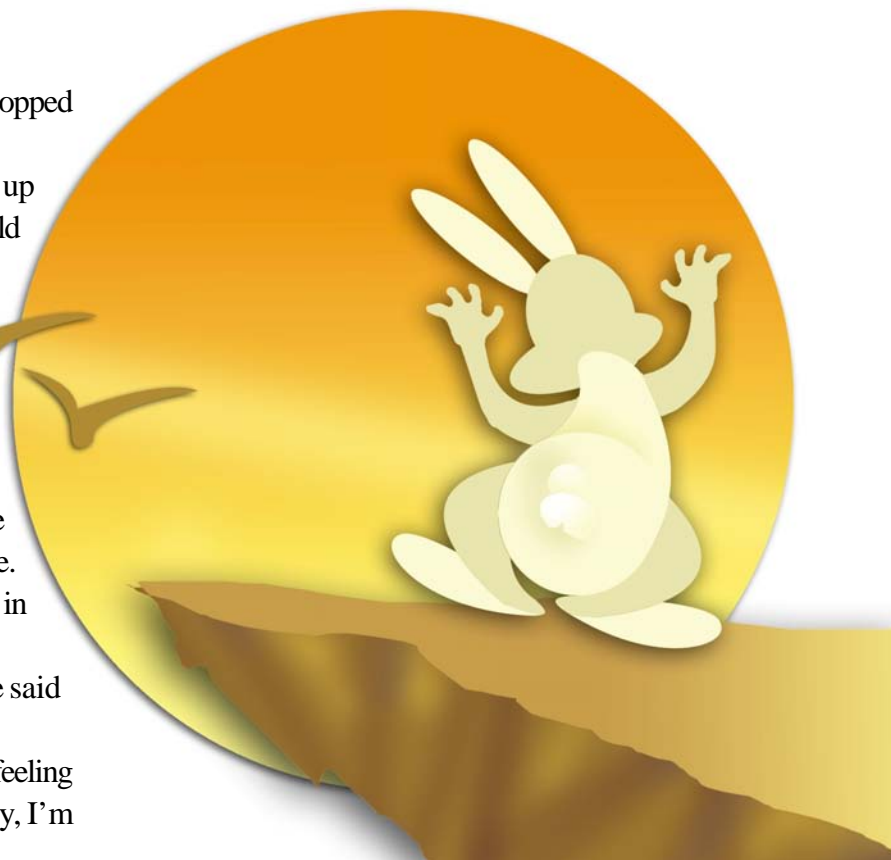
Romu looked up at his mother with tears in his eyes. "Mama, I want to see the sun. I, too, want to grow big and strong. Where can I see the sun?" he asked.

His mother smiled and replied, "You'll have to wake up early and hop down the road along the bamboo grove, down to the pond, and there beyond the hill, you'll see the sun."

That night, Romu couldn't sleep a wink. He tossed restlessly in his bed. Soon it was morning and Romu rushed out of his home and raced down the road. Along the way he met Bholu bear who was gathering dried sticks. "Where are you off to, little one?" he asked.

But Romu didn't stop to answer, and screamed, "I'm going to see the sun!" And he scampered down the road.

He hopped along the banks of the pond and found a



place from where he could view the hill across the pond. Beyond the hill he could see a faint glow in the sky. Romu sat on a huge rock and stared at the hill with excitement in his eyes.

Slowly the light began getting brighter and brighter and finally there was the sun glowing brightly in the blue sky.

Romu looked at it and began to dance. "I've seen the sun! I've seen the sun! He was so full of energy that he kept on dancing and never realised how he slipped in the water.

SPLASH!!! he went.

He was so happy that he didn't mind it at all. The fish, the frogs and the butterflies began laughing at this funny sight. They, too, were happy for Romu.

Romu swam into the bank and there he saw Rummy rat and Fomi frog smiling down at him.

"Now, do you realise what you have been missing all these days?" they asked.

"Yes," replied Romu. "I've realised it just now."

And so the three happy friends held their hands together and danced their way down by the pond.

**- By Jubel D'Cruz**

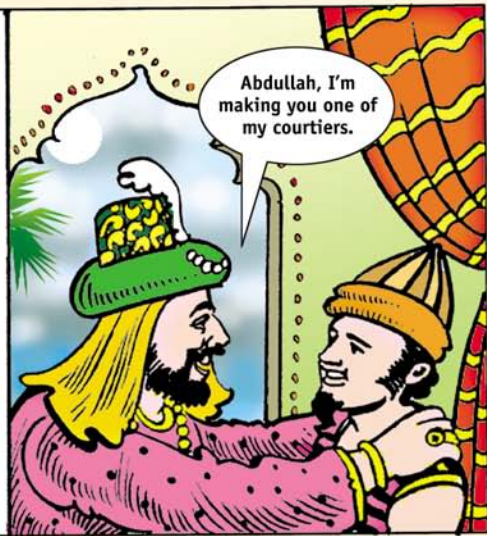


## The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs

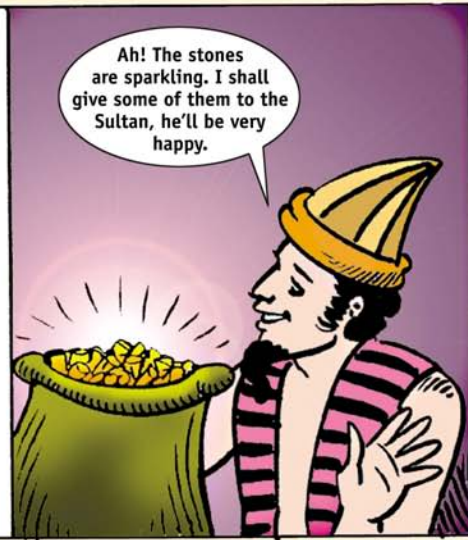
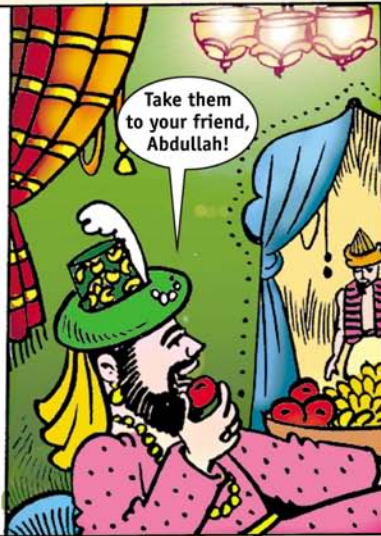
On finding that they were not any stolen items ...



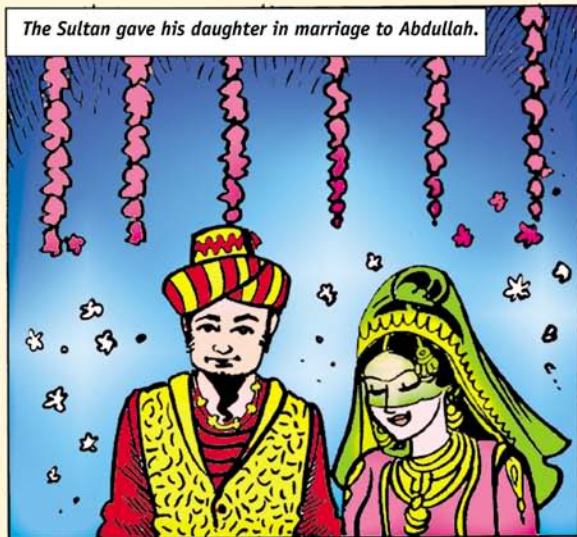
Abdullah tells the Sultan of his meetings with Abdullah of the sea.



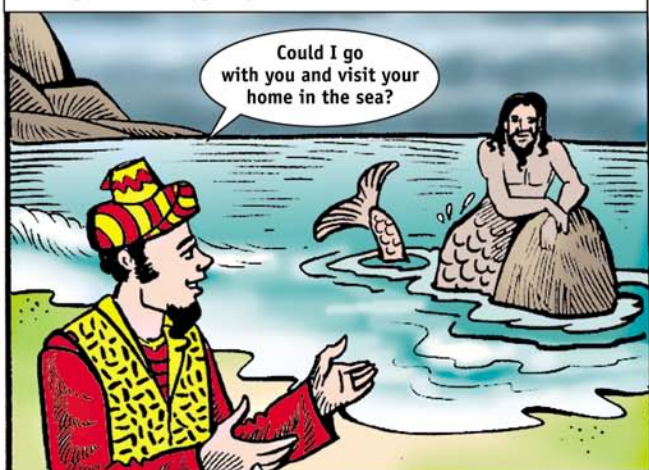
Abdullah continues his meetings with the other Abdullah. He now gets fruits from the Sultan's orchard.



The Sultan gave his daughter in marriage to Abdullah.

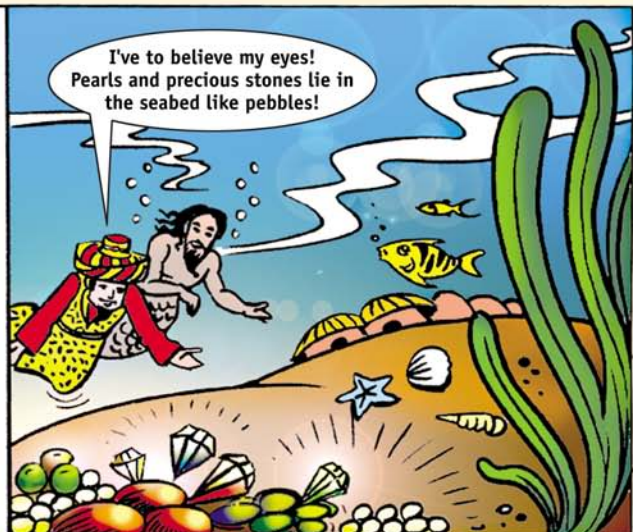
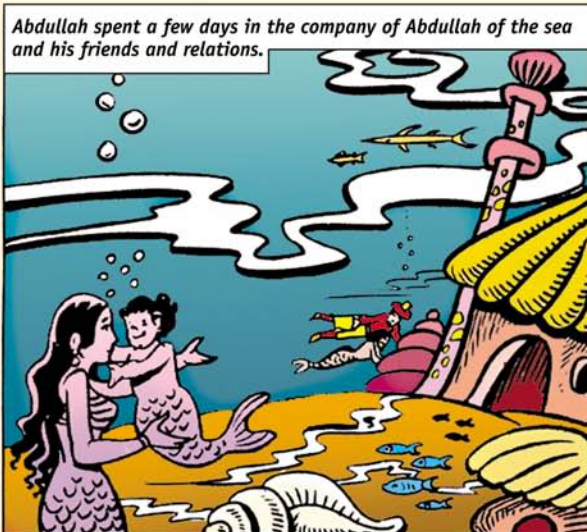
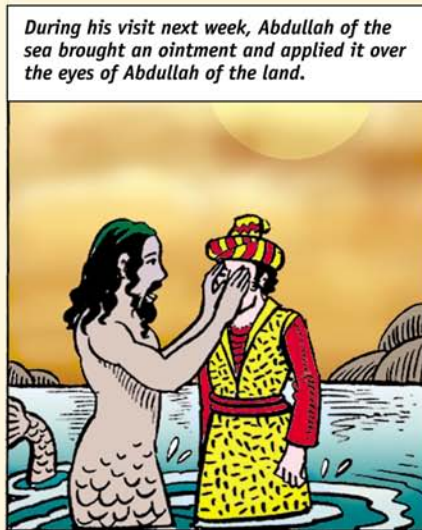


The two Abdullahs had by now become very friendly. Abdullah of the land one day made a strange request.





# The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs





# The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs





# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## CHECK YOUR IQ

A	S	N	I	R	A	H	A	L	A	K
E	U	G	K	L	U	J	N	J	F	N
R	O	A	H	J	E	L	T	U	S	I
T	R	O	I	S	D	H	I	M	M	R
L	O	M	A	S	E	N	R	H	A	A
E	V	E	T	E	A	O	R	A	L	D
B	I	G	H	L	F	E	H	T	L	N
A	N	A	E	I	A	X	I	E	P	A
N	R	Q	N	N	H	L	N	E	O	M
O	A	U	S	W	B	U	H	X	N	B
N	C	D	F	G	H	J	M	C	K	T

Here are some words hidden in the grid. To find them, look horizontally, vertically, diagonally and backwards. The clues will help.



### Clues:

1. A Middle East country whose capital is Beirut (7).
2. The official language of China (8).
3. The largest continent (4).
4. Final letter of the Greek alphabet (5).
5. This river flows through Egypt (4).
6. The place where Olympics 2004 will be held (6).
7. The French word for "three" (5).
8. Distinctive dress worn by soldiers, policeman (7).
9. Botanical name for the snapdragon (11).
10. A great desert, in the western part of South Africa (8).
11. Most of the wild animals are..... (11).
12. In China, this Indian river is known as the Langzhu (6).
13. Another name for the hunting leopard (7).
14. Common name for the dreaded disease Variola (8).

Answers: 1. Lebanon, 2. Mandarin, 3. Asia, 4. Omega, 5. Nile, 6. Athens, 7. Trois, 8. Uniform, 9. Antirrhinum, 10. Kalahari, 11. Carnivorous, 12. Sutlej, 13. Cheetah, 14. Smallpox.



# READ AND REACT

## A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS

Cash prize of Rs. 250 for the best entry



### Read the story below:

The Mudumalai forest was once a favourite of hunters. On some days, there would be so many of them that many animals got killed or several of the hunters were injured by the animals. So, the government imposed restrictions on entry and announced that those wishing to go a-hunting should obtain a license. Trespassers were warned of stringent punishment.

One day, Vijay and Manohar were hunting in the forest when the officers suddenly appeared and wanted to check the license papers. The two friends fumbled for sometime, and then Vijay began to run. The officials gave him a hot pursuit and with great difficulty caught him. He coolly pulled out his license from his pocket and showed it to the officials. They were satisfied, also surprised. "If you had the license with you, why did you run away?" they asked. Now imagine:

- ◆ Why did Vijay run away?
- ◆ What reply would he have given?
- ◆ What would have been the reaction of the officials?

Write your reaction in 100-150 words and send your entry with a suitable heading along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".

**CLOSING DATE : July 31, 2004**

Name -----	Age -----	Date of birth -----
School -----	Class -----	
Home address -----		
-----		
-----		
-----		Pin code -----
Parent's signature		Participant's signature

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# Newsflash

## Election Vignettes

**E**lections were held for the Lok Sabha as well as some State Assemblies in April-May last. Here are a few interesting vignettes from the election exercise:

- The biggest margin of votes is in the name of Anil Basu, a candidate put up by the Communist Party (Marxist) in Arambagh constituency in West Bengal. He defeated his nearest rival Swapan Kumar Nandi of the Bharatiya Janata Party by a margin of 592,502 votes.
- The Janata Dal (S) candidate A.S.Krishnamurthy, standing in the Karnataka Assembly constituency of Shantamaranahally lost by a single vote. His rival Dhruvanarayan polled 40,752 votes. On an appeal, the Returning Officer ordered a recounting, but it did not alter the figures.
- The Koorachund panchayat polling booth for the Vatakara Lok Sabha constituency, in Kerala, was ready for the poll exercise at the appointed hour early morning. The lone voter, Dasan, turned up around noon after traversing 3km through dense forest that lies between the panchayat and the cardamom estate where he is the caretaker. There was no second voter to cast vote in that booth. Yet, the booth remained open till the closing hours as per the Election Manual. The officers in charge of the booth for the single voter numbered six, including two police constables. In the last elections held five years ago, there were four more voters listed for that booth. After they moved out, Dasan became the lone voter.



## Sachin in Delhi textbooks

The students of Classes 10, 11 and 12 of all government schools in the Union Territory of Delhi will, from this academic year, read the biography of India's master batsman, Sachin Tendulkar, in their textbooks. The lesson is in the form of an interview, in the course of which the cricketer refers to the landmarks in his life. To a question what he would point out as reasons for his success, Sachin says they are his ambition, continuous practice, and quick grasp of things.





# GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

One day the eight Vasus—belonging to the order of the gods—went to meet Sage Vasishtha. One of the Vasus was Prabhas. His wife was charmed to see Vasishtha’s wonderful cow Nandini.

Prabhas told her that whoever drank Nandini’s milk would be free from ailments.

“If that is so, let us take this cow to our home. I would consider my life to be in vain if I don’t own this cow.” Thus pleaded Prabhas’s wife with her husband and the other Vasus.

The Vasus, instead of rejecting her suggestion, agreed to her request and stole the cow.

Their mischief did not remain hidden from Vasishtha. He cursed them saying, since their conduct was not different from that of human beings, they be born as human beings.

The Vasus were now repentant. They apologised to the great sage. “I cannot withdraw my curse. You have to be born as human beings. But, excepting Prabhas who has to live a long life, the others can return to heaven soon after their birth,” said Vasishtha.

The Vasus met Ganga on their way to earth. They greeted her with folded hands. “Mother Ganga, we are doomed to be born as human beings. We understand that you, too, are going to lead the life of a human being. Grant that we should be born as your sons. And please liberate us as soon as we are born.” Ganga nodded assent.

One evening Ganga, assuming a human form, was strolling along the river-bank. She

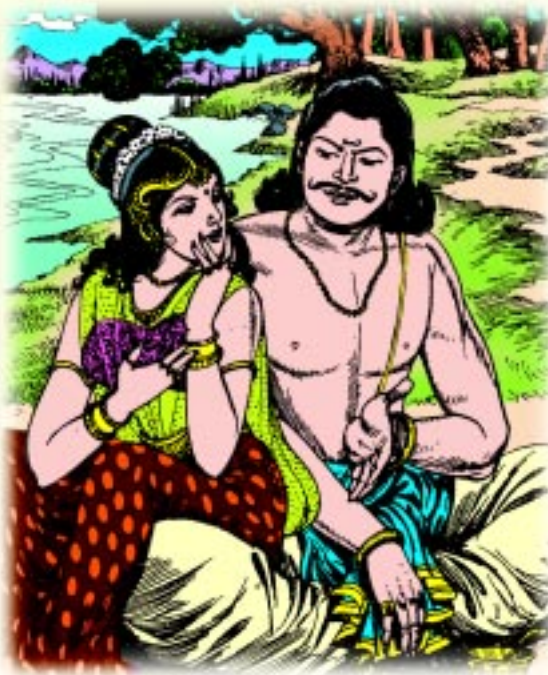
saw a man seated in deep meditation. From his features she could guess that he was a great man. Ganga came and sat down on his right thigh. The man opened his eyes and said politely, “Who are you? Whoever you might be, you chose to sit on my right thigh. That is a privilege which one’s own children can enjoy. Hence you are like my daughter. Should you agree, I would like my son to marry you.”

The man was none other than King Pratip. He had realised that the young woman was some goddess who was under a curse. Pratip’s son was Shantanu who, in his previous life, was King Mahavisa.

King Pratip abdicated his throne in favour of his son Shantanu and left for the forest, to do *tapas*.

One day Shantanu met Ganga in the forest. She at once guessed who he was. She looked at him and smiled.

“I’m delighted to see you. Strangely I feel that I’ve known you for long. I would be grateful if you agree to marry me,” said King Shantanu.



“I believe you’re the son of King Pratip. Your father had already decided in favour of our marriage. I’ve no objection to marry you. But I have some conditions,” said Ganga.

“May I know what those conditions are?” asked the king.

“You must not question or interfere in my actions, even when they seem very unusual or disagreeable to you. Secondly, you must not speak even one harsh word to me,” answered Ganga.

Shantanu agreed to these conditions. Their marriage was

## 7. A BRIDE’S CONDITIONS



performed, and Ganga came to reside in Shantanu's palace as his queen.

After a year, Ganga gave birth to a son. King Shantanu was delighted. But his joy was short-lived. Ganga carried the child to the river-bank and hurled him into the waters. The king was shocked, but he kept quiet remembering the conditions stipulated by Ganga.

Seven years passed. Ganga consigned seven of her sons to the river. Needless to say, they were seven of the eight Vasus. As they were sacrificed in the river, they were instantly liberated and they went back to heaven.

Then was born the eighth son. King Shantanu could not check himself any longer. When the queen began moving out of her room with the newborn child held to her bosom, the king said, "Stop, O Queen! Don't be so cruel again!"

Ganga stopped and cast a stern look at Shantanu.



She walked out of the palace. The king got annoyed. "Don't be so cruel! I am not going to let you destroy this child, you heartless woman!" the king said in great anger.

Ganga slowly turned towards the king. "You've violated both conditions. You've interfered with my action and you have also spoken harshly to me. I can no longer live with you.

"But know that I am not going to throw this child into the river. This one is destined to live long. I shall nurture the child in the forest. When it grows up, I

shall deliver him into your hands.

"Those who have departed earlier were his brothers, the Vasus. It was on account of their prayer to me that I liberated them as soon as they were born as human beings," she said.

The king stood helpless. Ganga left with her eighth son.

**(To continue)**

## Absent-minded professor

Dr. Ali was the proverbial absent-minded professor. Finding it troublesome to manage a household all by himself, he opted to move into a boarding-house near his college. He soon found a suitable lodge, run by the elderly Kishanlal.

Fortuitously, it transpired that the best room in the lodge had just fallen vacant, and Kishanlal happily allotted it to the venerable academic.

The next week, Dr. Ali called on Kishanlal. "I want a full-length mirror in my room." Kishanlal was surprised at this unusual request. None of the previous occupants of the room - including several college students, dandies all - had ever made such a request!

"Why, professor, there's a half-length mirror there now - and a fine one, too! Isn't that long enough for you?" he asked.

"Sorry, Kishanlalji, but it's not!" answered the professor firmly. Seeing Kishanlal staring quizzically at him, he explained, "I've been out three times last week without my trousers on!"

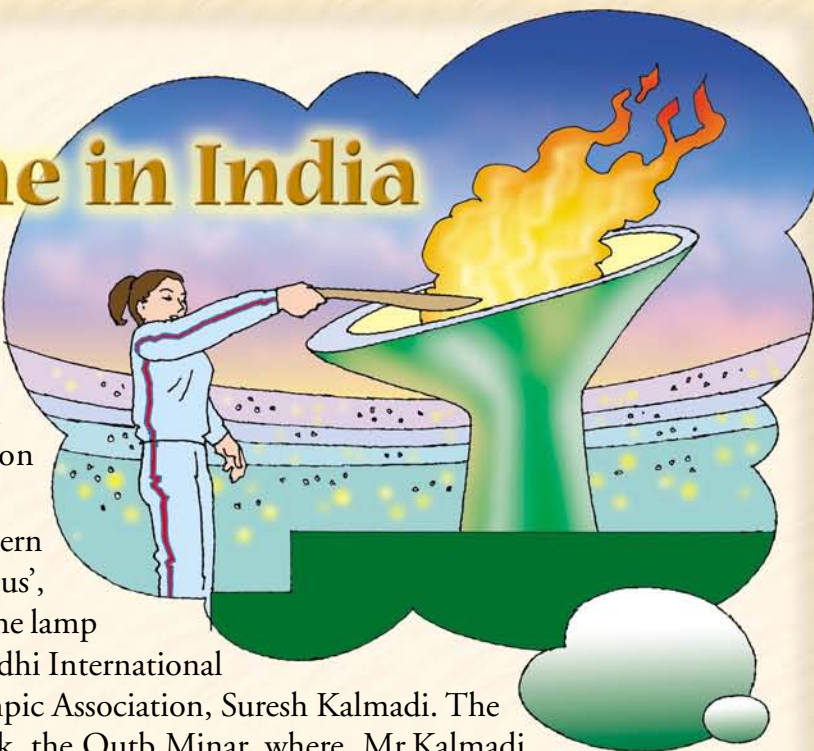




# Olympic flame in India

**T**hursday, June 10, was a historic day for India. After a gap of 40 years, the Olympic flame came to the country for the second time and lit the torches of a hundred odd runners who took them in a relay on a 33 km route in Delhi.

The flame encased in a special safety lantern arrived by a Boeing-747 aircraft called 'Zeus', sporting the Olympic ensign of five rings. The lamp was officially handed over at the Indira Gandhi International airport to the President of the Indian Olympic Association, Suresh Kalmadi. The flame lit a torch at Delhi's famous landmark, the Qutb Minar, where Mr.Kalmadi himself was the first relay runner.



The route passed through other landmarks like Humayun's tomb and the Red Fort before the last and 105th torch held by ace shooter Anjali Bhagwat entered the National Stadium, where she lit a cauldron to mark the start of the rest of the proceedings. All along the route, the relay runners were cheered by thousands of people lined up on either side of the roads. The torch-bearers included sportsmen and women, most of whom Arjuna Award winners, besides popular movie stars.

Delhi was the sixth stop for the Olympic flame. From Delhi it was taken to Cairo. The flame will reach Athens, after visiting 26 more cities, in time for the inauguration of the 2004 Games on August 15. The Olympic Flame, which was lit at Olympia on March 25, was first taken to Sydney, the venue of the 2000 Games, where the first torch was lit for the Australian athlete Cathy Freeman who started the torch relay that would last 78 days.

## India's team for Olympics

India has announced a 62-member contingent for the Athens Olympic Games in August. They will be led by Mr. Priya Ranjan Dasmunshi, President of the All India Football Federation and Union Minister for Water Resources. He has been designated the Chef de Mission. The members will compete in events like athletics, shooting, wrestling, archery, boxing, weight-lifting, badminton, table tennis, judo, swimming, rowing, and men's hockey. Twenty more members may find a place in the contingent once they complete their training.

The Olympic flame made its first ever appearance in South America in the history of the modern Games, when it arrived in the Brazilian city of Rio de Janeiro on June 13. The football legend 63-year-old Pele was among the 124 dignitaries who carried the symbolic torch; he was in tears as he carried the torch into the Maracana stadium.

The passage of the Olympic flame through Delhi was a unique honour conferred on India by the International Olympic Committee in view of the importance given in the country to sport. The flame has lit a spirit of harmony, friendship and peace among the billion population of India.



## THE CAR POOL

Veena lives with her parents in a ground floor flat in a posh apartment complex. There are three other flats on the same floor. Mr. Dutta owns the flat to their right, and Mr. George lives in the one on the left, while Mr. Khan and his family occupy the flat opposite Veena's.

All the four families have their own cars in which the menfolk drive down to their respective offices, which are in the same area and not far away from each other.

However, Veena has of late been noticing something peculiar. Her father was taking out his car only for one week in a month. In the next three weeks, it remains in the garage!

Veena was intrigued. She made enquiries with her friends and discovered that during the week when her father took out his car, the three neighbours also went with him in *his* car.

The next week Mr. Dutta was joined in his car by Mr. George, Mr. Khan, and her father. In the following two weeks it was the turn of Mr. George or Mr. Khan to take their car out.

Veena, of course, was curious. She asked her

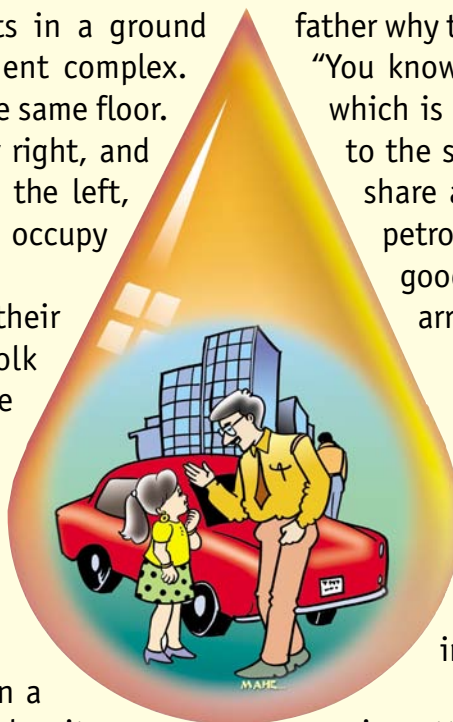
father why they were doing this. He explained: "You know, Veena, petrol is a precious fuel which is in short supply. When all of us go to the same area, it makes more sense to share a car, so that the consumption of petrol is drastically reduced. We save a good amount of money, too, by this arrangement.

"Plus, we're doing our bit to protect the environment, by reducing pollution! When there are fewer cars on the road, there is less emission and few traffic jams!"

"Ah! That's a smart idea, indeed!" remarked Veena.

Days were when, if Veena was late in getting ready for school, she used to be dropped by her father. But ever since she found out about the car pool, she took great care to start for school in time, so that she could catch a route bus. Veena also found out that some of her friends have their own 'car pool'. Those living close by would travel in one car. Their fathers or mothers would take turns in collecting them and dropping them at school.

See the way children become conscious of saving energy.





**If you  
don't save oil, everything  
will stop.**

Ask Papa to switch off the engine of the car or scooter on red lights, minimise use of the clutch and keep the engine fit to save oil.





**Petroleum Conservation Research Association**  
Sanrakshan Bhawan, 10, Bhikaji Cama Place, New Delhi 110066.

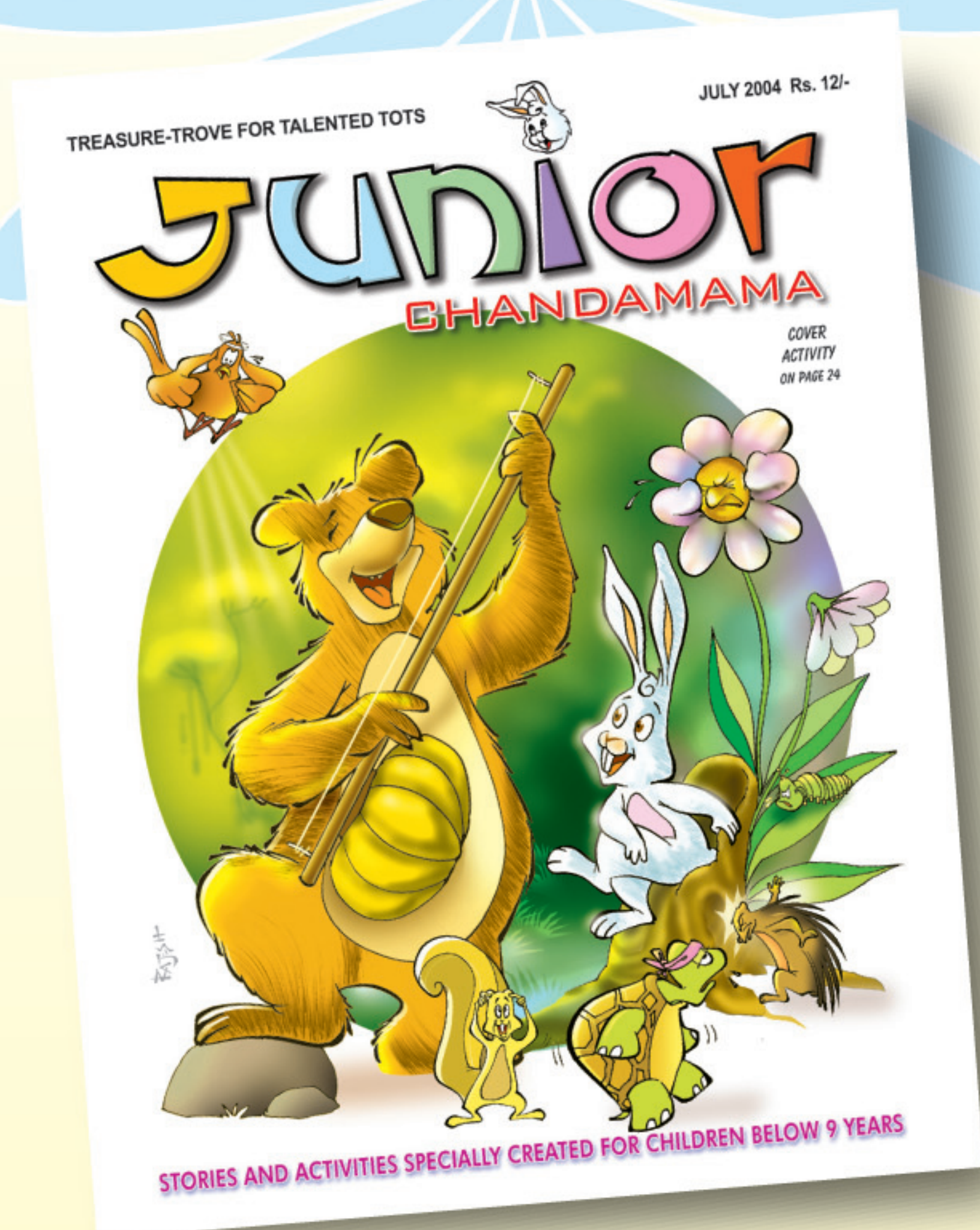
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# Our Prime Minister

India has a new head of government from May 22 last, when Dr. Manmohan Singh took the oath of office as our 14th Prime Minister.

In the April-May General Elections, the Congress Party won the largest number of seats. However, it had to seek the support of some other parties to get a majority in the Lok Sabha and stake a claim to form a government. The Congress nominated Dr. Manmohan Singh as the leader of the Congress Parliamentary Party, and the parties of the United Progressive Alliance decided to support him. The President, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, then invited him to form the government.

Dr. Manmohan Singh was Finance Minister when Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao was the Prime Minister, from June 1991 to May 1996. At the time of appointment, he was Chairman of the University Grants Commission. Earlier he had held such high posts as Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission and Governor of the Reserve Bank of India. Dr. Manmohan Singh was elected to the Rajya Sabha in October 1991 so that he could remain a Minister. He was re-elected to the Rajya Sabha in 1995.

Dr. Manmohan Singh was born on September 26, 1932 in Gah, a small village in West Punjab which is part of Pakistan. The family shifted to Amritsar in 1941 and was thus spared of the trauma of Partition when India was divided in 1947 and Pakistan was born. The family set up a dry fruits business and led a simple life. It is said that Dr. Manmohan Singh lost one year in college because he could not pay his fees. He often had to study under street lights. However, he stood first in every class. A proud Gurmukh Singh Kohli once told his son: "You'll one day become Prime Minister of this country." He graduated in Economics from Panjab

University, Hoshiarpur. Though his father wished that he joined the family business, Dr. Manmohan Singh took up the job of a lecturer to pay back the loan he had taken from the university.

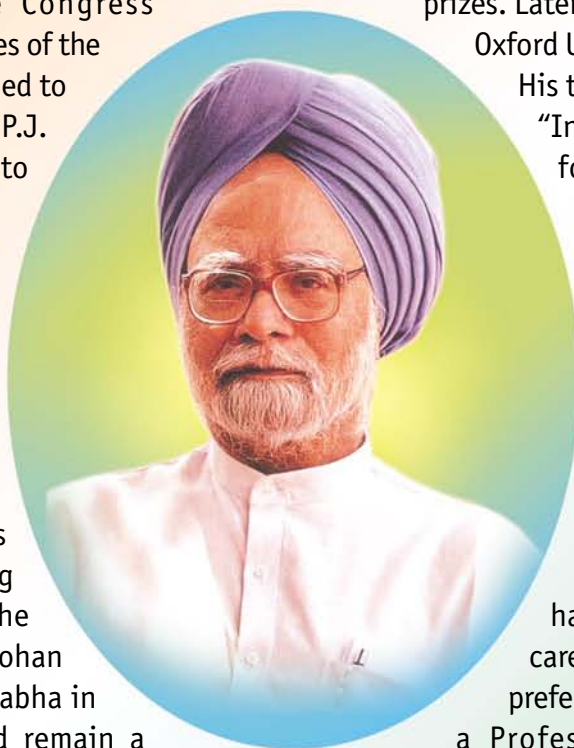
After clearing that liability, Dr. Manmohan Singh decided to go to London. He joined the famous St. John's College in Cambridge University where he studied for B.A. and M.A. Academic excellence earned him many prizes. Later, he joined the Nuffield College of Oxford University where he took his Ph.D.

His thesis for the doctorate was titled "India's Export Trends and Prospects for Self-sustained Growth." His guide, Dr. Little, remarked that the thesis was a product of "the student's extraordinary intellectual honesty". Dr. Manmohan Singh was described as a very quiet, hard-working student. Nuffield considered him as one of the most outstanding students.

Dr. Manmohan Singh could have easily opted for an academic career in Oxford or Cambridge, but he preferred to return to India. He became a Professor of Economics at Punjab University, Chandigarh, and later Honorary Professor in Delhi's Jawaharlal Nehru University and the Delhi School of Economics. He joined Government service in 1972 as Chief Economic Advisor in the Ministry of Finance.

As Finance Minister, he was instrumental in bringing about wide economic reforms. In his first ever Budget speech in July 1991, he stated: "The emergence of India as a major economic power will soon be a reality." The country now looks up to Prime Minister Dr. Manmohan Singh to take the nation to greater heights.

The millions of readers of *Chandamama* wish him a glorious tenure.





# Photo Caption Contest

*Can you write a  
caption in a few words,  
to suit these pictures  
related to each other?*

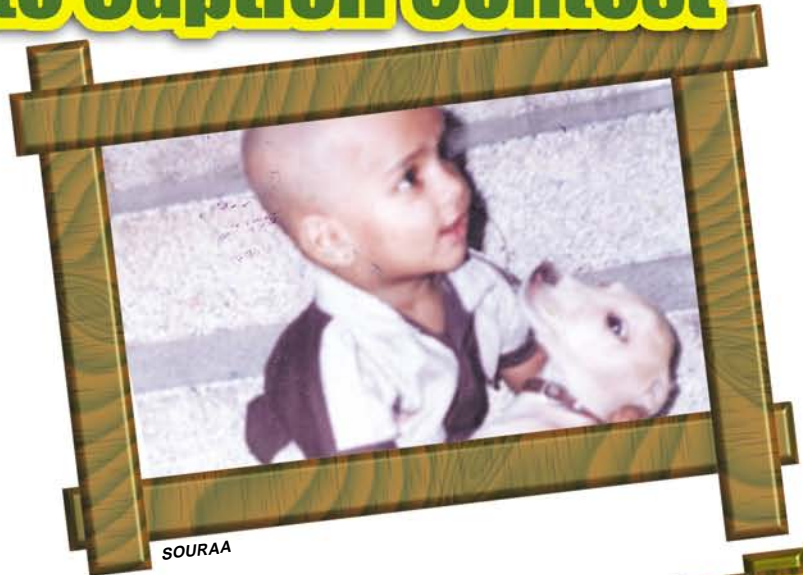
You may write it on a post card  
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CHANDAMAMA**

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of  
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The best entry will receive a Prize of  
Rs.100 and it will also be published in the  
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Please write your address legibly and add  
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# CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

## "BE A DREAM CHILD" CONTEST

The President of India, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, in the course of his interaction with children, has been exhorting them to DREAM for the future of India and its people. At the end of his address to the nation on January 25 last, he administered the following 10-point oath to a group of children :-

1. I will pursue my education or work with dedication and I will excel in it.
2. I will teach at least 10 illiterate persons to read and write.
3. I will plant at least 10 saplings and shall ensure their growth through constant care.
4. I will visit rural and urban areas, and permanently wean away at least five persons from addiction and gambling.
5. I will constantly endeavour to remove the pain of my suffering brethren.
6. I will not support any religious, caste or language differentiation.
7. I will be honest and will endeavour to make a corruption free society.
8. I will work for becoming an enlightened citizen, and make my family righteous.
9. I will always be a friend of the mentally and physically challenged and will work hard to make them feel normal, like the rest of us.
10. I will proudly celebrate the success of my country and my people.

**Chandamama invites the children of India to write ONE PARA EACH about whatever they have achieved in fulfilling the maximum number of the ten points by the next Independence Day. Three best entries will be published in our November 2004 issue.**

### Rules of Participation:

- This contest is open to children between 8 and 15.
- The entries may be in English or in any of the languages in which Chandamama is published. Only one entry per participant.
- The entry has to be certified by the parent as the original, unaided effort of the participant.
- Each para should not exceed 50 words.
- Three cash prizes are offered in each language : Rs. 500, Rs. 250 and Rs. 100/- (Certificates, too, will be given)
- The coupon below must accompany every entry.
- Closing date : August 31, 2004. Late entries will not be considered.

### **"Be a Dream Child" Contest**

Name : \_\_\_\_\_ Age : \_\_\_\_\_ Class : \_\_\_\_\_

School : \_\_\_\_\_

Home address : \_\_\_\_\_

PIN Code : \_\_\_\_\_ Phone number : \_\_\_\_\_

The entry titled \_\_\_\_\_ is the original / unaided effort of my son / daughter.

**Participant**

**Parent**



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